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# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



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No. 85.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE  
By Post 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



MISS ELLEN TERRY.



## RAILWAYS.

**BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.**—Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

Fare, there and back, First Class, 10s. Returning same day by any First-Class Train, including a Special Train at 9 p.m.

**BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY.** Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 12 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace, Picture Gallery, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.

Tickets and every information at the West-End General office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

London Bridge Terminus.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, OCT. 11 to 15, 1875.

CESAREWITCH STAKES, TUESDAY, OCT. 12.

On the above dates Trains will run between Bishopsgate and St. Pancras and Newmarket as under:—

From St. Pancras.	From Bishopsgate.	DOWN.	Due at Newmarket.
.....	6.45 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class ...	10.52 a.m.
7.48 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class ...	.....
10.35 a.m.	10.40 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class ...	2.13 p.m.
11.30 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class ...	.....
2.20 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class ...	5.5 p.m.
.....	4.5 p.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class ...	7.37 p.m.
4.53 p.m.	5.0 p.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class ...	.....

Returning from Newmarket to Bishopsgate and St. Pancras at 8.30 a.m., 12.27, 4.5, 4.32, and 6.0 p.m.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, Oct. 11, 12, 13, and 15, a Special Train of First-Class Carriages for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras at 9.30 a.m., and Bishopsgate at 9.30 a.m., returning from Newmarket to Bishopsgate and St. Pancras each day one hour after the advertised time of the last race.

On Monday, Oct. 11, a Special Train (First, Second, and Third Class) for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras at 4.48 p.m., and Bishopsgate at 4.45 p.m.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Friday, Oct. 11, 12, and 15, a Special Fast Train (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave St. Pancras at 8.25 a.m., and Bishopsgate at 8.20 a.m., for Newmarket.

On Friday, Oct. 15, a Special Fast Train (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave Newmarket for Bishopsgate and St. Pancras at 4.25 p.m. London, October, 1875. S. SWABRICK, General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS conveying First, Second, and Third Class Passengers at Ordinary Fares, will run between CAMBRIDGE and LONDON.

On MONDAY, OCT. 11. On FRIDAY, OCT. 15.

London to Cambridge.	Cambridge to London.
King's-cross ..... dep. 8.30 a.m.	Cambridge ..... dep. 5.15 p.m.
Cambridge ..... arr. 9.50	King's-cross ..... arr. 6.35

\* In connection with 4.32 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

London, King's-cross Station, HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

October, 1875.

## MR. SOTHERN'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, T. R. ....	Sept. 13 to .. 25.
GLASGOW, T. R. ....	.. 27 to Oct. 9.
BIRMINGHAM, T. R. ....	Oct. 11 to .. 23.
LIVERPOOL, Alexandra Theatre ..	.. 25 to Nov. 6.
MANCHESTER, Princess's Theatre ..	Nov. 8 to .. 20.
DUBLIN, T. R. ....	.. 22 to Dec. 4.
BELFAST, T. R. ....	Dec. 6 to .. 18.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.

PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenaly, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 Portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—OPEN

DAILY (except Sunday). Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a pair of the gigantic Tortoises of Aldabra Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and a Chimpanzee, presented by Captain Lees.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—EYES AND NO EYES, by W. S. Gilbert, Music by German

Reed; after which a MUSICAL SKETCH, by Mr. Corney Grain, and A TALE OF OLD CHINA, by F. C. Burmand, Music by J. L. Molloy. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, Oxford-circus. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—ENGLAND'S

HOME OF MYSTERY.—The most wonderful entertainment in the world. At 3 and 8 EVERY lawful DAY throughout the year. Admission. Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. Box-office open all day, where seats can be booked free of charge; also at all the agents in the City and West-End. Manager, W. MORTON.

PSYCHO.—The Automaton Whist-Player holds

Levées twice daily, and will always be happy to play a game at whist with any three ladies or gentlemen who may volunteer from the audience.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S TIME TABLE.

At 3 and 8 o'clock Plate Spinning Extraordinary by Mr. Maskelyne; at 3.30 and 8.30 Psycho's Conjuring and Whist Playing; at 4 and 9, Mr. Mantons's Wonderful Performance on his Musical Novelty, the Crystal-phonon; at 4.30 and 9.30, Séances in exposure of the modern imposture called Spiritualism, introducing spirit voices, hands, forms, luminous musical instruments floating in the air, and the latest sensation of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body about the hall.

BUATIER, the most expert and perfect

Prestidigitator the world ever saw, will appear THIS DAY, and Twice Daily, in the EGYPTIAN HALL DRAWING-ROOM, at 3 and 8, throughout the whole year. Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Box-office open all day, and seats can also be secured at all the agents' in the City and at the West End.—W. Morton, Manager.

OPERA-BUFFE.—

Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLEY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA and CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing-cross.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe. Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a

weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

## THEATRES.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Actual and

only responsible Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30 precisely, the Performances will commence with Planché's Comic Drama, in one Act, SPRING GARDENS, in which Mr. Buckstone will appear as Scoreup (his original character), supported by Messrs. Conway, Weatherly, Gordon, &c.; Miss Minnie Walton and Miss Edith Challis. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron, entitled **MARRIED IN HASTE**. Act 1, A Short Courtship; Scene—Mr. Grainger's New House. Act 2, The Little Old Gentleman; Scene—At a Lake Hotel. Act 3, The Storm Breaks; Scene—Augustus's Studio. Act 4, My Uncle; Scene—Bloomsbury Lodgings. New Scenery by Mr. O'Connor. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. WALTER.

**VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.**—EVERY EVENING.

Enormous Success of "Our Boys." At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

**THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.**

EVERY EVENING, at 8, at the ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

**LYCEUM.**—MACBETH.—EVERY EVENING

at 8. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Preceded, at 7, by A HAPPY PAIR. Box-office open daily, from 10 till 5. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

**THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.**

PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Night, at 8, Signor Arditi, Conductor. Mdlle. Heilbron (Soprano) and Mdlle. Marie Orta (the Russian Contralto), every night. Herr Wilhelm, the great Violinist, who has met with the most enthusiastic reception, will play every night. Mr. Howard Reynolds (the celebrated performer on the Cornet à Piston) every night. Signor Palladini (the Tenor) every night. Beethoven Night, next Wednesday. Band of 100 Performers and Band of the Coldstream Guards, every night. Promenade, 1s.; Stalls, 3s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £3 3s.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, OCT. 9, at 8 o'clock, SIEGE OF ROCHELLE; Monday, Oct. 11, "Marriage of Figaro;" Tuesday, Oct. 12, "Siege of Rochelle;" Wednesday, Oct. 13, "Maritana;" Thursday, Oct. 14, "Siege of Rochelle;" Friday, Oct. 15, "Marriage of Figaro."

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—Great Success of FLAMINGO. On SATURDAY, OCT. 9, and Every Evening, at 7 o'clock, a New Farce by E. Manuel, THE DOCTOR'S BROUGHAM; at 8 the Comedy by the late W. Brough, KIND TO A FAULT; and conclude with FLAMINGO; or, The Rook and the Cause. Doors open 6.30.

**THE ROYAL PARK THEATRE** (late Alexandra),

Park-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park, WILL OPEN (under the management of Messrs. Parravicini and Corbyn), on SATURDAY, OCT. 16, with the following Attractions:—At 7, the Laughable Farce of TURN HIM OUT; to be followed by the world-renowned Opéra-Bouffe, GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, in which Miss Emily Soldene will sustain her original character, supported by a powerful cast. During the Opera will be introduced a Grand Hungarian Dance (arranged by M. Dewinne) by the celebrated Mdlle. Sara (her first appearance in two years), supported by a brilliant troupe of coryphées. A most efficient orchestra, conducted by M. Lindheim. The Opera produced under the immediate direction of Miss Soldene. Box-office now open. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to 6s. Private Boxes from 10s. 6d. to £3 3s.

**ALHAMBRA.**—The GRAND THEATRE of

LONDON.—Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE.

**SPECTRESHEIM**, a superb Pot Pourri of all

Modern Attractions. Music by M. Jacobi. Splendid Scenery by Calcott; Machinery by Sloman and Son. Placed on the stage by J. A. Cave, introducing William Rignold, Frank Hall, Harry Paulton, and Henry Walsham; Mesdames Katherine Munro, Marion West, Emma Chambers, the Majiltons, &c. New Grand Ballet, CUPID IN ARCADIA—Mdlle. Pitteri, with Mdlles. Sidonie, Sismondi, and Pertoldi. Upwards of 100 Corps de Ballet and 200 Band and Chorus. Conducted by M. Jacobi. Farce, and Lauri's Comic Ballet. Commence at 7.15 p.m.—ALHAMBRA.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE**, Hoxton.—EVERY

EVENING at 6.45, the successful Britannia Drama, entitled THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE—Mrs. S. Lane as Mrs. Pippis; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Fox, Bigwood, Lewis, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Miscellaneous Entertainment: Tom Maclean, Vocalist; Sisters Mario, duettists; Doughty's Performing Dogs. Concluding (Wednesday excepted) with TIME'S REVENGE—Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Fox, Reeve, Bell, Lewis, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Adams, J. Summers.

Wednesday, Benefit of the Loyal United Friends.

**ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE**, City-road.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Notice. On THURSDAY NEXT will be produced, for the BENEFIT of Mr. GEO. CONQUEST, a new and original Drama, entitled SENTENCED TO DEATH; or, Paid in His Own Coin, by Mr. G. Conquest and H. Pettitt, with new and elaborate Scenery. Dancing on the Monstre Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. On MONDAY, and every Evening during the week (Thursday excepted), to commence, at 7, with BELPHEGOR THE MOUNTAIN-BANK. To conclude with THE SEVEN SINS—Messrs. W. James, Senett, Gillett, Grant, Geo. Conquest, Syms, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Inch, &c. On THURSDAY, SENTENCED TO DEATH; Phantom Fight Scene from SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM—Messrs. Geo. Conquest, G. Conquest, jun.; Arthur Williams (by kind permission of Morris Abrahams, Esq.); Herbert Campbell—EAST LYNNE. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE**, Bishopsgate.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. The new decorations are the theme of admiration. Production of the great Adelphi Drama, by Andrew Halliday, Esq., NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Original Adelphi artists, in their original characters. On MONDAY, OCT. 11, and Every Evening, at 7 o'clock, the favourite Farce CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS; to be followed by the Drama NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Conclude with BRAVE AS A LION.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL**, Piccadilly.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Performing EVERY EVENING, at 8; and on

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.

The universally celebrated MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN EXISTENCE,

NOW IN THE ELEVENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR OF ONE UNBROKEN SEASON AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Company is composed of UPWARDS OF FORTY ARTISTS, comprising in its ranks some of the finest Vocalists and Instrumentalists in England.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF ALL THE SONGS sung by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS are written expressly for them by the most eminent Authors and Composers of the age.

Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30. Evening 7.30. No fees; no charge for Programmes.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

**ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.**—HAMILTON'S

EXCURSIONS TO AMERICA.—THE LAST SIX NIGHTS, CLOSING OCT. 16.—Excursions Daily, at 3 and 8, accompanied by explanatory Remarks, appropriate Songs, Illustrations of Yankee, German, Emigrant, and Negro Life. Grand National Music by the Band. Return Tickets, 1s. to 5s., at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

**THE ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY** (Limited).

BANKERS. The Union Bank of London, 66, Charing-cross. London and County Bank, Albert-gate, Knightsbridge.

BALLOT OF FELLOWS.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Fellows of the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society should at once send for application forms from the Secretary, and return them to the Offices of the Society.

As the number of Fellows will be limited, and as hereafter members will only be elected when vacancies occur, original applicants will be balloted for in order of application.

ELECTION AND PRIVILEGES OF FELLOWS.

1. Every candidate for Admission as a Fellow or Member shall be proposed at one election meeting and balloted for at the next.

2. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together with the privilege of writing orders for two.

3. All fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows or by the Executive for the time being will be entitled to free admission on all occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the reading-rooms and library, and a ticket free in the Art-Union of the Society.

4. Three Special Fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, members, and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These Fêtes will be amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.

5. By the rule incorporated in the articles of association of the Society, no Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the Society beyond his donation of £5 5s. and his annual subscription of £2 2s.

BRUCE PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices, Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

**ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY.**

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The following gentlemen, among others, have already consented to act on the Art Committee of the Royal Aquarium Society:

J. E. Millais, Esq., R.A.	R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A.
The Earl of Clarendon.	Lord Alfred Paget.
W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A.	Henry Weekes, Esq., R.A.
Lord de Lisle and Dudley.	Lord Skelmersdale.
E. W. Wynn, Esq.	E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A.
General Cotton, C.S.I.	S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A.
G. D. Leslie, Esq., A.R.A.	H. S. Marks, Esq., A.R.A.
G. A. Cruikshank, Esq.	E. J. Coleman, Esq.
F. A. Marshall, Esq.	J. R. Planche, Esq.
Baron Alfred Rothschild.	The Earl of Dunraven.
Lord Carington.	Lord Newry.
Tom Taylor, Esq.	Joseph Duriam, Esq., A.R.A.

The Society will be PREPARED TO RECEIVE PICTURES and other WORKS of ART for EXHIBITION on and after DEC. 1. No Pictures or other Objects of Art will be received after Dec. 11.

The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil Painting exhibited, as also the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Water Colour, and the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Statue.

Five Silver Medals and Five Bronze Medals will also be placed at the disposal of the Art-Committee for award for special merit.

Prizes to the amount of £3000 will also be given away for distribution amongst Fellows and Season-Ticket Holders in the Art-Union of the Society, and these prizes will be mainly selected from the Society's Gallery.

The acceptance or rejection of Pictures and the award of the Society's Medals will be left solely in the hands of the Art-Committee.

**BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.**—The

Collection of FISHES and other Aquatic Animals in this magnificent Establishment is unequalled for variety, rarity, and the number and size of the specimens exhibited. Sterlet, mackerel, &c., can here, and nowhere else, be seen in captivity.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Calendar for Week ending

OCT. 16, 1875.

MONDAY, OCT. 11.—General Attractions. Midget Hanlons.

TUESDAY, OCT. 12.—Standard English Comedy. Midget Hanlons.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13.—Instrumental Concert. Midget Hanlons.

THURSDAY, OCT. 14.—English Comedy and Fireworks. Mr. C. T. Brock's Benefit. Midget Hanlons.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15.—Orchestral Band. Midget Hanlons.

SATURDAY, OCT. 16.—Third Saturday Concert. Midget Hanlons.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—LAST WEEKS of the

MIDGET HANLONS.

**ALEXANDRA PALACE.**—Arrangements for

Week commencing 11th inst.

MONDAY.—Colleen. Entertainment in Circus and Evening Band Promenade Daily. Great Aquatic Fête; presentation of Prizes by Captain Webb.

TUESDAY.—Opera, FRA DIAVOLO—Miss Rose Hersee and Carl Rosa Opera Company. Repetition of GREAT HARVEST FIREWORK DISPLAY.

WEDNESDAY.—Colleen, Entertainment in Circus, &c.

THURSDAY.—Lord Lytton's Comedy MONEY—Hermann Vezin, Righton, Carlotta Addison, Nelly Bromley, &c.

FRIDAY.—Colleen, Entertainment in Circus, &c.

SATURDAY.—OPERA, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and Venetian Fête and Illumination of the Lake (see Daily Papers).

Admission One Shilling each Day, or by the Guinea Season Ticket.

**THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND**

**DRAMATIC NEWS**

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R., Birmingham.—We regret to say that we are unable to avail ourselves of your kind offer.  
 F. N., Hanover-square.—See our notice with regard to returning M.S.  
 W. BARRINGTON D'ALMEIDA, Green Park, Bath.—Your interesting contributions received and shall duly appear.  
 C. H., Aldershot.—Be good enough to forward the drawing.  
 W. H. U. (Birmingham).—Thanks. (1) We have no doubt that our new arrangement of the department in question will meet with your approval. (2) Entirely a matter of opinion. Driving a four-in-hand and performing a solo on the violin are not the only accomplishments everybody thinks he could master, if he tried. Conducting a newspaper is another.

## SHOOTING.

J. RICHARD FLEMING, 28, William-street, Dublin.—The birds you mention are not game.

W. H., Wexford, Ireland.—Address Messrs. E. M. Reilly and Co., 502, Oxford-street, London. See "Shooting Notes" in this Number.

M. STARLING, Poole, Dorset.—Address Moore and Grey, Old Bond-street, W., London.

R. S. V. P., Royal Barracks, Dublin.—Mr. John Rigby, 24, Suffolk-street, Dublin, is the best gunmaker in Ireland, as anyone will tell you in Dublin.

## CANINE.

CLUMBER.—A clumber's head should be heavy and rather long; ears large, but not too heavy; eyes intelligent, and of medium size; neck long and muscular, chest wide, back flat, loins thick and deep, legs short, and very muscular; stern low; coat straight, not curly. The nose is generally of a dark liver colour. Dew claws would not disqualify, although it is desirable to remove them.

J. E. W. W.—An English terrier's muzzle should be fine and tapering; teeth level; skull flat, but not wide between the ears; eyes small and black, nose black; neck long, thin, and muscular; well ribbed up; legs straight, feet rounded, tail very fine, weight from 10lb to 18lb. We regret that we cannot help you to get a portrait of "Jim," but write and ask Mr. Martin, of the Wheatsheaf Inn, 137, Chapel-street, Salford, if he can oblige you with a photograph of his Gem or Joe, they are both good specimens; or, if you prefer it, send us a letter. We shall be happy to forward it to him for you.

\*. A notice of "Married in Haste" and several other articles are unavoidably held over until next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

## MISS ELLEN TERRY.

This gifted lady has, by her portrayal of the character of Portia in the *Merchant of Venice* and that of the heroine in *Money*, seized an exalted position in the profession, the right to which would probably have been disputed by rival and critic some few seasons since. She chanced, however, to reappear amid the scenes of her former triumphs during a sad dearth of artistes of the highest class, and her return was therefore most opportune. Besides, it was evident that, so far from her powers having rusted during her absence from the stage, her acting had become more intense than ever in its tenderness as well as its strength. Miss Ellen Terry was born at Coventry, in 1848, came to London when seven years of age, and played Mamillius in the *Winter's Tale* with Charles Kean's company at the Princess's Theatre, where she stopped till the end of the management. Since then she has performed at the Haymarket, the Royalty, the Queen's, and other theatres. It was last season that she returned to her profession and played the part of Phillippa in Mr. Charles Reade's drama of *The Wandering Heir*, after an absence of six years. Adequate as the efforts of Miss Terry have hitherto been, we look to her to accomplish still greater things, and shall not be satisfied until she has attempted the greatest. Why should not Miss Ellen Terry's Lady Macbeth be as interesting as the Lady Macbeth of more ambitious artistes? The admirable portrait of her on our front page is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, 230, Regent-street.

## OUR SPORTING CALENDAR.

FRIDAY, OCT. 8.—Last day of Streatham, Edinburgh, and Leicester October Races.  
 SATURDAY, OCT. 9.—Hull Dog Show (four days) commences.—Peckham Amateur Athletic Club Sports at Kennington Oval; North London Harriers' Captaincy Run, the Spaniards, Hampstead; Spartan Harriers' Slow Run. Football.—At Glasgow, Queen's Park v. Wanderers; at Chislehurst, West Kent v. Royal Military College, Sandhurst; at Haileybury, the College v. Ravenscourt Park.  
 MONDAY, OCT. 11, to FRIDAY, OCT. 15.—NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.  
 MONDAY, OCT. 11.—Sale of hunters, chargers, and the Kingston coach-horses by Messrs. Tattersall at Albert-gate.—Swimming fête at the Alexandra Palace Bath, under the patronage of Captain Webb.  
 TUESDAY, OCT. 12, at Lambeth Baths, 6.30 p.m.—Tlex Swimming Club annual entertainment.  
 WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, OCT. 13 and 14.—Sale of yearlings, stallions, brood mares, &c., at Newmarket, by Messrs. Tattersall.  
 WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, OCT. 13 and 14, at Vincent-square.—Athletic sports of St. Peter's College, Westminster.  
 WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13.—T. Taylor and H. Evans play billiard-match for 1000 up, the latter receiving 150, Gloster Hotel, Park-street, Oxford-street, W.  
 WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13.—National sheep-dog trials, Garthgogh, near Bala, North Wales.  
 FRIDAY, OCT. 15.—Wrexham Races.  
 SATURDAY, OCT. 16.—Tufnell Park Athletic Sports. At Lillie-bridge—Ten Miles' Open Handicap. Spartan Harriers' Slow Run.

## Circular Notes.

A GUARDIAN of the poor or a member of a rural sanitary board whose ideas are not the parochial ideas of his fellows is a person to be pitied. At a recent meeting of one of the latter boards held in an "advanced" and advancing district of the north of England an audacious member called attention to the fact that "the number of deaths from scarlatina and other preventible diseases was 20,000 annually." He advised the gratuitous issue of excerpts from a pamphlet which he had read, showing how to prevent the propagation of such diseases. He suggested the investigation of a presumably authoritative statement which had been published declaring that the cultivation of the blue gum-tree and the sunflower pre-

vented the spread of fevers. As might have been anticipated, he was sternly sat upon for his pains. The Mayor was loftily severe, and the small attorney and smaller wit of the board pungently facetious. It may be mentioned, as a matter of trifling detail, that the inhabitants of the town where this meeting took place not only pour their sewage into the river, but drink and enjoy and fancy they thrive on the diluted sewage of other populous towns that are situated on the pellucid stream a few miles nearer its source.

Elsewhere than in "the dark and true and tender north" the spirit of parochial inquiry is making itself manifest. The other day a Mr. Wells informed a suburban board of guardians that "he had been requested to ask by some of his constituents whether it was not probable that the scarlet fever at the schools had arisen from 'the vile butter' spoken of by Mr. Furlong." The chairman said "it was to his knowledge good butter. It was a little salt, but sound in quality." Mr. Stonelake said the butter was good, but "he objected to the quality of the tea. It was impossible to get tea at one and fourpence a pound." Nevertheless, the awful problem remained unsolved. Was it the butter that caused the fever? Or was it the tea? Who can say that the infusion of leaves at one shilling and fourpence a pound was not (as Hood has it) a *sloe* poison?

Mr. Carlyle has declined the degree of LL.D. conferred on him by Harvard University, regarding such honours as the "silliest sham feathers." There are not a few "pompous little fellows," poetasters, Dissenting parsons, authors, and what not, who are only too glad to be able to "hobble down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet," obtained in America. It should, however, be charitably borne in mind that such individuals must either have gone degree-less to the grave, so far as Great Britain was concerned, or else had recourse to Germany.

Will Mr. Stiggins never die? On Sunday William Walker, of York, joiner and Good Templar, holds forth, in his capacity as a local preacher, to a most attentive congregation. On Monday and Tuesday—in his character as a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors and the wearer of a gorgeous collar—he is most probably meditating means for the speedy ingathering of a goodly multitude of temperance pledges. On Thursday (Wednesday having also been passed in meditation—and duress) he is convicted by the City Bench of being a fraudulent bailee in respect of a couple of harmoniums, and is committed for six months on each charge.

We are informed by an American contemporary that "Fish will live twice as long if killed by a blow on the head when caught as when left to die gradually." Very likely. Only we should be glad to know how long a fish will live—after it is killed by a blow on the head.

It is sad to learn that the Trap and Field Club, of Minneapolis, Minn., is composed of a heterogeneous assortment of members—namely, "Two members of the State House of Representatives, one senator, one pot hunter, one chief of police, a leading lawyer, one gun-maker, one railroad director, one restaurant proprietor, one glass dealer, two merchants, one lumberman, one capitalist, one bank president, and one bank cashier." It will be news to our American contemporary to learn that there are at least seven—well, suppose we say six, or at any rate five—clubs in London that are "composed of a heterogeneous assortment of members."

Marquis Townshend has risen from his Rip Van Winkle sleep and spoken on the subject of teetotalism. He informed a meek and lowly audience assembled in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, on Monday night last, that "the adoption of total abstinence principles had improved his own health and the health of his two little children." He regretted the levity displayed by the comic journals on the subject of intemperance. He believed that the question must be taken up individually more than it had been hitherto; and so on. As a distinguished member of the Upper House, every syllable of the noble Marquis's utterances possesses a subtle value, such as exists not in the eloquence of a mechanical cottonspinner or a reformed coalheaver. But, unfortunately for the reputation of the noble orator, he occasionally talks drivel. According to the report of the proceedings at the meeting in question, he observed "that, with the exception of the abolition of slavery—a subject which was, unfortunately, again rising to the surface—the promotion of temperance was the greatest question which men and women could be brought together to consider." These columns are not devoted to the consideration of political topics; but, politics apart, we should be pleased to afford Marquis Townshend an opportunity of justifying the view he takes of the revival of the subject of the abolition of slavery. If he did it in verse all the better. A new collection of national ballads adapted to the present condition of the flag under which no slave, etc., will soon become one of the wants of the age.

The old race of newspaper correspondents, men learned in folk lore, lovers of natural history, and masters of woodcraft has died out. One vainly glances over the pages of what are termed provincial journals in the hope of alighting on a fact that would have gratified White, of Selborne, or caused a flutter of delight amongst the antiquarian contributors to *Notes and Queries*. The country newspaper correspondent of to-day is frequently a facetious monster who despises facts and grins through his horse-collar after the fashion of the gentleman who has just favoured the readers of the *Perthshire Constitutional* with the following paragraph, under the title of "Shooting Extraordinary":—"Thousands like shooting; but few care to be the mark of an enamoured sportsman, though a very bad one. Fowling-pieces in the hands of juveniles

stumping the country up for hares, as they shave for beards, is, in some measure, still one of the blessings the exclusiveness of the game laws or our savage civilisation happily protects us from; and for so small a mercy let us be thankful. The other day, it seems, a posse of young gents, nearly as sensible as their dogs, visited this quarter for scientific recreation. Within the reach of houses, a shower of pellets passed one of the inmates, perforating body-clothes and hair. Another, in the garden, narrowly escaped another volley that whizzed past. What has been now, if not in so close proximity, has happened before; and time it is such recklessness was stopped." Whether or not "fowling-pieces" or "hares as they shave for beards" is still one of the blessings of our savage civilisation we are unable to decide. But about one thing we are certain. Such recklessness in respect of pen-and-ink as is exemplified above ought to be stopped forthwith.

Several of the historians of the railway jubilee—daring discoverers of Darlington and explorers of the genealogy of the Pease family—are up in arms against a contributor to a London paper who has not only called in question the accuracy of one of their statements, but has likewise taken exception to a similar declaration made by Mr. Smiles in his life of George Stephenson. Local historians are "kittle cattle." He who suggests the possibility of their being in the wrong does it at his peril. They will smite you hip and thigh—in the columns of the *Parochial Banner*—if you have been bold enough to doubt the exactness of their description of the parish pump. And then their scorn of cockneys—it is sublime! With reference to the matter in dispute, as to whether the carriage represented in the books of Mr. Smiles and Mr. Jeans was the genuine "Experiment," it is not only possible, but probable, that those gentlemen and all their following are in error. The London writer in question had warranty for what he said. In common with his pragmatical detractor, he knew nothing about the subject when he began to deal with it. Like him, too, he had to be carefully coached.

It is to be hoped that curious visitors to the library of the British Museum will not henceforward make the literary life of Mr. Ahmed Kenealy a burden to him. He must have some office wherein to concoct those ineffable "leaders" it pleases us so very much to read, and why not in the library of the British Museum?

"HAMILTON'S ENCUSIONS across the Atlantic and through the United States of America and Home Again," which (thanks in small degree to the vocal and descriptive powers of Mr. A. Matthison) have delighted immense audiences for many weeks past, will cease, so far as St. James's Great Hall is concerned, on Saturday, the 16th inst. Those of our readers who have not seen the pictures and heard the excellent stories and songs told and sung by Mr. Matthison should take the present opportunity of making their way to St. James's Hall and assisting at what is undoubtedly one of the most attractive entertainments of the day.

THE WYCOMBE COACH HORSES.—On Tuesday last, Mr. John Eden, proprietor of this popular coach, took a large party down the road for the last trip of the season. The horses will be sold at Aldridge's, on Wednesday, Oct. 13. They are mostly young, well-bred horses, showing much quality, and comprise several well-known hunters, hacks, and harness-horses. All the horses will be sold without reserve; and those who have had the good fortune to drive with Mr. Eden during the season know "they can go the pace."

THE YOUNG PRINCE PIERRE, son of the Prince de Beaufremont, has been accidentally killed by the discharge of his gun on returning from shooting at Brieenne.

POLO AT BRIGHTON.—The officers of the Scots Greys and other members of the International Gun and Polo Club will play some polo matches at Preston, near Brighton, next Monday. Mr. Benett-Stanford's park is in beautiful order for the sport.

ACCIDENT TO MR. JAMES ASHBURY, M.P.—The *Lucerne* papers announce an accident to Mr. Ashbury, M.P. The hon. member and a friend were in a high open carriage driving to the hotel on the right side of the road (not on the left as in England); the lights of a carriage were seen approaching at a very reckless pace and on the wrong side of the road; a severe collision took place, both carriages being damaged, and Mr. Ashbury was pitched out with great violence. He fell on the cap of the right knee, and was otherwise severely injured. In about an hour he was able to be carried in a hand chair to the Schwitzerhof Hotel. Bladders of ice were kept on the knee for two days to allay the inflammation, after which the hon. member was sufficiently recovered to proceed on crutches by easy stages to Venice, to embark for India.

CAPTAIN BOYTON ON THE RHINE.—The *Strasbourg* papers bring some details of Captain Boyton's fresh exploit, floating down the Rhine from Bale to Strasbourg—the longest distance he has accomplished in his life-saving suit. He was greatly distressed by the violent back currents, and said he found the river worse than the Mississippi, the Ohio, or the Missouri. He recounts that, hailing a boatman to know where he was, the man, seeing in the water an inexplicable floating black mass, rowed away, exclaiming, "The devil!" On arriving at Kehl, Captain Boyton was carried violently by the rapid current against the bridge of boats, and sank for a few seconds. He came out of the water much exhausted, having taken many more hours than he had calculated to perform the distance.

TREATMENT OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The *French Journal des Connaissances Medicales* says that a man forty-three years of age having been bitten by a mad dog, was cauterised with a red-hot iron four hours later. A month passed without any distressing symptoms, but at the end of that time he began to complain of epigastric and pharyngian constriction, and was very much cast down. Recourse was had to chloral at a dose of three or four grammes, which succeeded twice in affording a good night's rest; but the third time it remained without effect; the patient experienced great anguish, his voice was hoarse, he had tetanic contractions in the arms, neck, and breast, and expressed great fear, accompanied by hallucinations. In the morning he was utterly discouraged. They then administered four grammes of bromide of potassium, which gave a quiet night, with great improvement on the following day. Another dose of five grammes was given with equal success; all convulsive motions had disappeared. The medicine being suppressed, they began again a week later, when bromide was again administered to the amount of six grammes, which completed the cure.





SCENE FROM "SARDANAPALUS" AT THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.



## "SARDANAPALUS," AT THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

Wa give on another page an illustration of a scene from *Sardanapalus*, which has been revived in magnificent fashion at the above theatre by Mr. Charles Calvert.

We quote from a Liverpool contemporary the following description of the scenery and appointments, together with an "opinion" as to the manner in which the tragedy is rendered:—

"The scenery by which Mr. Calvert chiefly assists his audience to place themselves amidst the marvels of Assyrian antiquity consists of three decorations, the third of which is entirely changed by the great incident of the conflagration, with which the play closes. The first is a magnificent realisation of the interior of the palace, in which the winged figures, the highly-coloured tintings, the engraved pavements, brought to light by Layard, are closely followed. This scene is set off by processions of magnificently-dressed warriors, courtiers, pages, and dancing-girls, in the midst of whom Sardanapalus saunters and simpers, redeemed from contempt only by his love for Myrrha,

so obviously superior to the other "minions," and by the singularly humane cast of the cynicism and scepticism which distinguishes him from his ancestors and from the most considerable and honourable of his subjects. The second scene represents the exterior of the palace, nobly rising from the banks of the Tigris, in vast rectangular and many-columned piles, which are reflected with marvellous skill in the placid water beneath, at first in sunshine, and afterwards in moonlight. Here take place the lively scenes in which the loyal Salemenes endeavours to chastise and foil the treachery and rebellion of Arbaces and Beleses. Lastly, in the third and fourth acts the scene is laid in the Hall of Nimrod, already described. And here is witnessed the great final catastrophe. When all is lost, Sardanapalus and his Myrrha agree to fire the palace. A vast heap of combustibles is collected around the throne. Nothing could seem more genuine than the actual conflagration which arises when Myrrha casts her torch upon the pyre. At first come glowing flashes, then smoke begins to ascend in vast volumes. The lowering, tremulous red glare of a thriving and masterful fire in complete possession of a vast edifice follows. Then gradually columns begin to totter, beams begin to

glide, planks with incandescent edges fall slowly towards the stage. Ruin progresses, not with the wholesale tumble of an ordinary stage fire, but with the creeping, shifting, lambent dissolution of a real conflagration, until at last the curtain falls upon a sinking medley of magnificent destruction.

"As a spectacle it has never been excelled, and rarely has the stage contrivance served so well to heighten a telling dramatic situation. It only remains to pay a tribute of approval to the acting in general, to Miss Bessie Harding as Zarina, the Queen (a very eloquent and touching performance); to Mr. Moxon, who is an efficient Salemenes; to Mr. Darley, who is a dignified Beleses; and to Mr. Elwood, who is hearty and soldierly as Pania. We have already spoken favourably of Miss Moore. Mr. Calvert's own histrionic contribution as Sardanapalus is pitched in a bold key of sparkling cynicism and sceptical good nature, which exactly suits the character, and enables it to give, by emphasising the swift and rather irreverent turns of the epicurean monarch's wit, the only possible relief to the sombreness of the play. None the less does he rise to every occasion for masculine and moral nobility, and

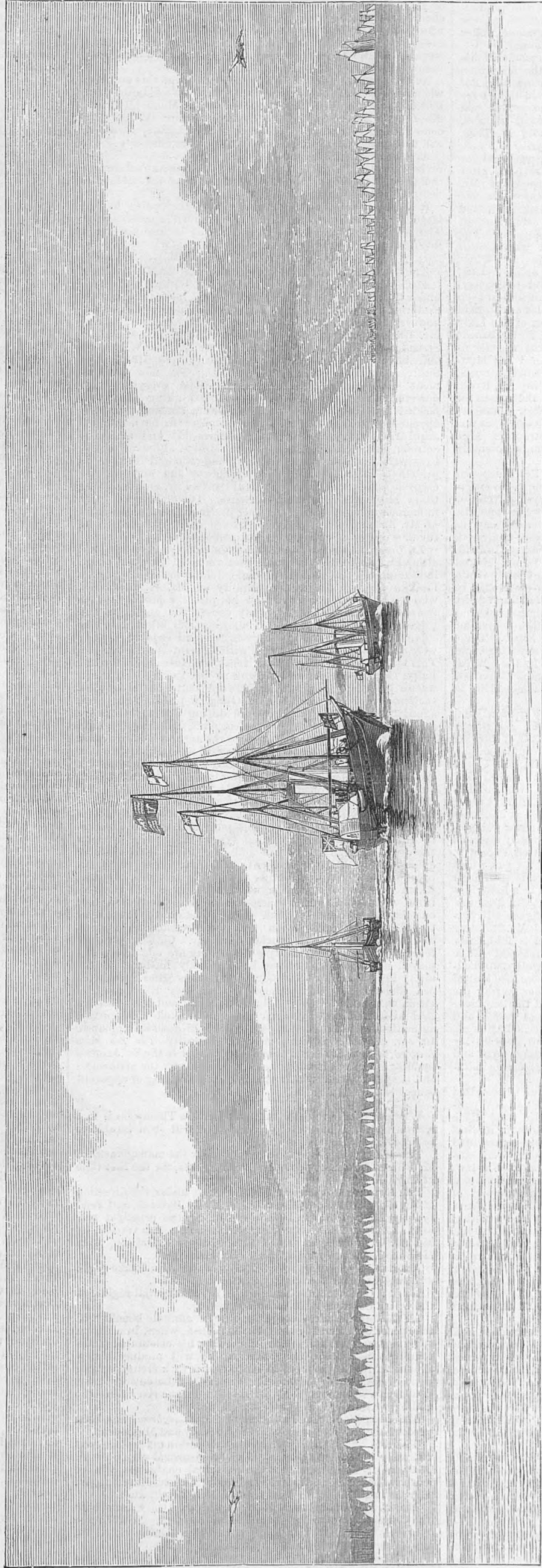
his description of the dream of Hades is a very fine piece of powerful and natural, but well-balanced declamation. Another point of Mr. Calvert's acting, well worthy of notice, is his admirable simulation of fatigue and thirst after the battle."

## THE FUTURE OF THE SOLENT.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inclose a sketch of a spiritualistic picture recently developed at a séance of our club, together with a report of the meeting, with the fervent hope that you may be able to find space for both in the pages of your valuable journal. It is a matter of deep regret that some more satisfactory conclusion was not attained; and, as the "séance" was adjourned sine die, the matter, of course, remains where it was.—Yours very obediently,  
R.X.Y.Z.Y. Club, Oct. 7, 1875. A YACHTSMAN.

At a mirror séance, held at the club-house of the R.X.Y.Z.Y. Club on the evening of the 31st ult., the commodore, the Hon. Jury



A VISION OF THE FUTURE ON THE SOLENT.

of the R.X.Y.Z.Y.C. was instantly recognised, and the necessity for immediate action made apparent. You, Sir, would not care to have the individual opinions of members set forth in your columns; suffice it to say that Torquay was said to be a very nice place, or Weymouth had a good harbour handy. A well-known and most daring yachtsman suggested that Nova Zembla might be tried for a season. "He had been in these waters, and the greatest danger that he observed was being run down by a floe of ice; but there! that has not got a speed of twelve, let alone sixteen, knots." A second member, of more genial nature, thought that Canvey Island and Hole Haven should not be overlooked, a nice marine clubhouse on Leigh Ray, &c. The hon. commodore here tendered his resignation, first as flag officer of the R.X.Y.Z.Y.C. and then as a member, by which he saves his subscription due in January, and stated that White should build him a 40-ton steam-launch, with 100 H.P. and stem like the Iron Duke, to navigate the Thames about Eton, at some twenty knots an hour. Other members followed the example set by their worthy chief, and in less than ten minutes the club consisted of the secretary, the ensign, and bargee, two old mooring anchors, and a few overdue subscriptions.

The gas having been turned on and lighted, a vote of thanks to the

Trysail, in the chair, the learned member, Dr. Luff T. Purchase, of the schooner yawl Bosh, officiated as medium.

A few thousand questions relative to the future of "Depth" and "Beam," "Length" and "Lead-ballast," "Oinara v. Fiona," topsail yards and spinnaker-booms, were promptly and satisfactorily answered, being copiously illustrated (where necessary) by diagrams in the mirror.

The question of the evening, however, was put by a senior member, Fores Tay, Esq., in this form: "The members of the R.X.Y.Z.Y.C. wish to be made, pictorially, acquainted with the appearance of the Solent in the future when under the new regulations about to be issued by the board for the suppression of curiosity."

Several spirit voices were immediately heard, apparently in hot altercation, amongst them the easily-recognised tones of Admiral Benbow, Martin Frobisher, and Captain Vanderdecken (of the Dutch mercantile marine). Port! Starboard! and Steady! seemed to be the subject of discussion amongst the veterans.

The voices suddenly ceased, and a strong odour of rum pervaded the apartment.

The mirror picture (of which I send you a faint idea) then slowly developed itself on the polished surface of the mirror. The position

learned doctor for his glimpses of the future brought the very interesting proceedings to a close.  
H. E. T.

## WAY FOR THE QUEEN!

FLASH the sails on the Solent sea,  
Water-path to the yachtsmen free;  
Under the soft autumnal sky  
The ladies laugh and the gay flags fly:  
All at once there's a change of scene—  
Lo, the Alberta! Way for the Queen!

Eager to dwell mid the canny Scots,  
She drives her steamer at seventeen knots;  
And the Captain thinks each yacht a wail,  
So long as the Royal Lady's safe.  
What can a Manchester merchant mean  
By coming so near? Make way for the Queen!  
There is a rule of the road, men say:  
The ocean road is the Queen's highway.  
Woe to impertinent yachts that dare  
To cross the Royal pathway there!

Shipwreck and death shall soon be seen:  
Perish, plebeians! Make way for the Queen!

Way is made, and the Mistletoe  
Sinks, with a terrible tale of woe:  
But onward speeds the dealer of death,  
Since Royalty pines for Scotland's breath;  
And the happy captain, with tranquil mien,  
Feels he has made a way for the Queen.  
Yet humble people, sons of the soil,  
Think that a captain may be too loyal;  
Think that a lady might have stay'd  
To weep for the deaths her haste had made,  
When the joyous laughing Solent scene  
Was sadden'd by making way for the Queen.

Loyalty abject of flunkies brings  
A curse on the head of queens and kings.  
A nation's love is a monarch's cheer,  
But you cannot teach this nation fear.  
'Twill be hapless end to a reign serene  
If its cry should be, *Make way for the Queen!*—*The World.*



## The Drama.

The two leading dramatic events of the week, the production of Mr. Byron's new comedy, *Married in Haste*, at the Haymarket, and the re-opening of the Philharmonic, under new management, are fully noticed in another column.

AT THE HAYMARKET, where Mr. J. S. Clarke concluded his engagement on Friday, when he repeated, for the last time, his three humorous impersonations in *Among the Breakers*, *Red Tape*, and *Fox and Goose*, which he had nightly sustained for the previous fortnight. A new comedy, from the prolific pen of Mr. Byron, was produced, with unequivocal success, on Saturday evening, under the title of *Married in Haste*, followed by Mr. Planche's comic drama, *Spring Gardens*, an adaptation from the French, originally produced at this house about thirty years ago, and now revived, after an interval of twenty-six years, for the purpose of Mr. Buckstone making his first appearance this season in his original character of Scoreup, an innkeeper, ever perplexed in preserving his handsome wife from the attentions of the gallants of the period who frequent his hostelry. The popular manager, it is needless to state, met with a most cordial and enthusiastic reception.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—In consequence of Mr. John Nelson, who had undertaken to play the important part of Courtenay, in *Twist Axe and Crown*, failing at the last moment to keep his engagement, the performance of Tom Taylor's historical play, with Mrs. Rousby in her original character of the Lady Elizabeth, announced to take place on Saturday, for the benefit of Mr. Morris Jacobs, long connected with this theatre as acting manager, had to be compulsorily postponed till Monday, when Mrs. Rousby appeared as the persecuted princess, supported by several of the original cast, including Mr. Ryder as Simon Renard, the Spanish Envoy, Mr. W. Belford as Sir John Harrington, Mr. A. Nelson as the Lord High Chamberlain, and Mr. Gresham as Parry. Mr. John Nelson's place was very adequately filled by Mr. A. C. Lilly as Courtenay. Mrs. Rousby met with an enthusiastic reception from a tolerably large audience.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed reopened the winter season of their ever pleasant drawing-room entertainment on Monday evening with a resumption of the two favourite pieces, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Eyes and No Eyes* and Mr. Burnand's *Tale of Old China*, supported by the same cast as last season, the compact little company remaining unaltered, still consisting of Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, and Messrs. Corney Grain, Alfred Bishop, and Reed, jun. Between the pieces Mr. Corney Grain introduced a new musical sketch, entitled *Clever People*, in which this versatile artist most humorously and amusingly describes and illustrates the various eccentricities and characteristics of a remarkably "clever set" of fellow-visitors he met with during a week's visit at a country house. These descriptions are interspersed with lively and witty songs, and conclude with a madrigal supposed to be sung by the musical guests, and is rendered by Mr. Grain with singular cleverness and ludicrous effect. Several novelties are announced as in preparation.

THE MIRROR.—The adaptation by Messrs. Oxenford and Horace Wigan of M. Sardou's lugubrious drama, *Les Diables Noirs*, and produced here under the English title of *Self* on Monday week, when it was received very unfavourably, has undergone some changes which have improved and rendered it more bearable. In the first place, Mr. Allerton is now replaced by Mr. Standing, who undertakes the part of the dissipated hero, Arthur Carew, and by his careful and intelligent impersonation—at once easy and artistic, impassioned when necessary, and never exaggerated—the repulsiveness of the character is greatly softened and less apparent. Then, ghost effects are omitted, except in the final scene; so that the constant lowering of the gas, which caused such derision on the first representation, is no longer necessary; and in the last scene Arthur appears in a lounging-jacket and not, as Mr. Allerton did, in the Corsican brothers' duel costume; which incongruity the spectral figure still perpetuates, reflecting Mr. Allerton as he was, not Mr. Standing as he is. Although much improved, the drama is inherently unpleasant; the leading characters intensely unnatural—those of Rochester Saunter and Martha, although the only two shedding a gleam of brightness on the prevailing gloom, are absurd and inexplicable in their conduct to each other during the second and third acts; and the three relatives of the heroine—Fester, Properman, and Creepwell—are useless bores, and would be better cut out altogether. Mr. Reece's burlesque, *Half-Crown Diamonds*, is a great success, and now goes briskly and merry through its three short scenes of smart puns and quips, lively song and dance, and Mr. Standing's clever imitations of leading actors in impossible parts.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The third of the new series of standard English comedies, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, took place on Tuesday, when that favourite actor made his first appearance this season as John Mildmay, in *Still Waters Run Deep*. The comedy was admirably represented throughout, the other principal characters being well sustained by Mrs. Stirling, as the domineering mother-in-law, Mrs. Sternhold, Miss Minnie Walton, as the weak-minded wife, Mr. Edward Righton, in Sam Emery's famous part of Mr. Potter, Mr. Collette, as Dunbilk, and Mr. Edward Price, from the Olympic, who undertook at a very short notice, and most creditably enacted, the part of Captain Hawkesley. Shakspeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* was chosen for Thursday, with Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Benedick and Beatrice; and Mr. Cathcart, Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. Teesdale, Mr. Edgar, and Miss Minnie Walton in the other leading parts. The seventh annual National Cat Show has taken place during this week, and the second of the winter concerts comes off this afternoon.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—While the standard comedies hold their sway at Sydenham, operas in English have been leading features of attraction at Muswell-hill during the week, principally represented by Carl Rosa's company from the Princess's, who, on Saturday, represented *Fra Diavolo*; on Wednesday, *Sonnambula*, with Miss Rose Hersee (her first appearance at the Alexandra Palace) as Amina, was given; and *The Bohemian Girl* is announced for repetition this afternoon. On Thursday Offenbach's opéra-bouffe *The Brigands* was represented by the company from the Globe.

The Elephant and Castle Theatre, which has been ably conducted by Miss Marie Henderson for the previous six months, re-opened again under this lady's direction, after a brief recess of only a few days, on Saturday evening with a popular programme, the principal feature being the sensational drama *The Pirates of the Savannah*.

At the Grecian the play of *Belphegor* was produced on Monday evening, for the reappearance of the popular favourite Mr. William James, who sustained the principal character, that of the mountebank.

At the Globe the romantic drama of *East Lynne*, with Miss Ada Ward as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, was to be revived last night to replace *Talbot's Trust*.

THE CRITERION.—This pretty theatre, again under the management of M. Pitron, reopens to-night, when will be produced for the first time an English version, by Mr. J. H. Jarvis, of Lecoq's opera, *Fleur de Thé*, supported in the principal characters by Miss Bessie Sudlow, a great favourite in Dublin, who makes her first appearance in London; Miss Burville, the promising young vocalist from Drury Lane Theatre, and recently of the Charing Cross; and Messrs. Walter Fisher (tenor), E. Clifton, E. Marshall, &c.

AT THE STRAND the bill will undergo a change this evening, when *Woodcock's Little Game* and *Raising the Wind* will be replaced by the production of a new farce by Mr. C. Manuel, entitled *The Doctor's Brougham*, and a revival of the late W. Brough's comedy *Kind to a Fault*. The new folie musicale, *Flamingo*, will continue the leading feature in the programme.

AT THE STANDARD, where the stirring drama *Rank and Fame*, revived with all its original effects, has been represented during the week, Mr. Halliday's Adelphi drama *Nicholas Nickleby* will be produced to-night.

A performance of *Macbeth* will take place to-day at the Queen's, for the benefit of Mr. Ryder, who will appear as the Thane of Cawdor. Lady Macbeth will be essayed by a débutante.

## PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

The Philharmonic having passed into the hands of a new lessee, Mr. J. D. Solomon, reopened on Saturday evening, under the direction of Mr. Richard Temple, for entertainments comprising both dramatic and musical elements—the latter, however, predominating. The opening programme comprised Mr. Clement's farce, *Two to One*, recently produced at the Strand; an English adaptation, by Mr. C. J. S. Wilson, of Offenbach's opéra-bouffe, *Les Georghiennes*; and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's musical eccentricity, *The Zoo*. The new management has commenced well, and done everything to deserve success. There is a good working company, headed by Miss Rose Bell, Miss Carlotta Zerbini (her first appearance in London, and who promises to be a valuable acquisition, both as an accomplished vocalist and animated actress, Miss Maria Temple and Messrs. Edward Cotte, Cruttwell (both from the Gaiety), and Richard Temple, as principals, aided by a competent chorus and an attractive corps de ballet, led by the graceful sisters Fay, and with Miss Clara Morgan as principal danseuse. The orchestra is very numerous and works well together under the careful direction of Mr. Ralph Horner, and the dresses and appointments of the new opera are exceedingly beautiful and costly.

*Les Georghiennes* is one of Offenbach's early productions, and although now for the first time performed in England, most, indeed all, the best of its lively and catching music has become familiar through the instrumentality of Mr. H. B. Farnie, who has borrowed much of it for his pieces, especially for his *Bohemians*. This familiarity only causes the animated and brightly tuneful choruses and dashing airs allotted to the soprano to be more readily appreciated and enjoyed, as they were on Saturday night, equally with some interpolated music. This latter included a graceful tenor air, introduced by Mr. Ralph Horner, the musical director of the theatre, and which was so gracefully sung by Mr. Edward Cotte as to secure a vociferous encore; and one of Gung'l's prettiest marches, admirably played by the orchestra during the most effective scene in the opera, where the fair Georgians, in the daintiest and most elegant amazonian costumes go through most complicated manoeuvres and picturesque groupings with remarkable precision and gracefulness. This scene, recalling the famous amazonian evolutions in *Babil* and *Bijou*, and a very elegant ballet, arranged by the graceful sisters Fay, in the same act (the third), would of themselves secure the success of a piece otherwise devoid of musical attractions. Mr. Wilson's libretto is plentifully supplied with ancient puns and topical allusions of the old-fashioned burlesque type. The story presents the usual combination of fun and absurdity characteristic of opéra-bouffe; but the incidents and dialogue require compression to secure the success the production deserves, and which is sure to attend it when Miss Rose Bell recovers from the cold and hoarseness which prevented her on Saturday evening from doing justice to herself or to the music, and when due compression is applied to the dialogue and incidents. Mr. Cotte's pleasing tenor voice and tasteful style of singing are effectively displayed as Cassemer, the gay but cowardly husband of the lovely Peroza, chief of the fair Georgiennes (Miss Rosa Bell). Mr. Richard Temple represents the amatory Rhododendron Pasha with quiet humour and artistic skill; and Miss Carlotta Zerbini, as another of the fair Georgians, acted with spirited animation, and her singing gained her well-deserved applause. In Mr. Arthur Sullivan's musical absurdity *The Zoo* Miss Zerbini, who took the part originally played at the St. James's by Miss Henrietta Hodson, made a great hit by the artlessness and simplicity with which she rendered the song of apparent innocence.

WE are glad to learn that Miss Lydia Thompson is fast recovering from her severe illness, and will soon be able to resume her professional duties.

THE CRITERION reopens to-night, under the management of M. Pitron, with Lecoq's opera, *Fleur de Thé*, for the first time in English.

THE ROYALTY reopens on Monday next, under the direction of Mr. Charles Morton, with Offenbach's *La Perichole*, and *Trial by Jury*, Madame Selina Dolaro sustaining the principal rôle in the former. The first novelty will be an English version, by Mr. H. B. Farnie, of Offenbach's *Madame l'Archiduc*, with Madame Dolaro in the principal rôle, Mariette.

A MORNING performance of *The Shaughraun* will take place at Drury Lane on Wednesday next, the 13th inst.

Mr. F. C. BURNAND inaugurates his managerial régime at the Opéra Comique next Saturday evening.

At the Grecian Mr. George Conquest's annual benefit will take place on Thursday next, the 14th inst., when, in addition to numerous other attractions, including his celebrated phantom fight from *Snip, Snap, Snorum*, he will produce a new drama written by himself in conjunction with Henry Pettitt, entitled *Sentence to Death*. The scenery will be entirely new, denoting well-known places of interest on the river Lea—the Old Ferry House, Chingford Church, &c.

Mr. DION BOUCAULT's Drama of *The Shaughraun* has been produced with great success both at Sidney and Melbourne.

The first of the Gaiety matinées this season takes place next Saturday with the production of a new historical play, entitled *A Crown for Love*, in which the principal characters will be sustained by Messrs. Ryder, W. Rignold, Charles Harcourt, W. Herbert, and Maclean; Miss Evelyn, Mrs. Leigh, &c.

Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD will again provide Drury Lane with the Christmas pantomime, founded on the story of *Whittington and his Cat*, and in which the famous Vokes family will return from America in time to take the leading parts.

*Cinderella* will form the subject of Mr. Charles Rice's pantomime at Covent Garden, where Miss Nelly Power is engaged for the principal character.

The total proceeds of Hington's benefit at Drury Lane Theatre a few months ago amounted to £687.

In *Masks and Faces*, now in rehearsal at the Prince of Wales's, Mrs. Bancroft, as already stated, will sustain Mrs. Stirling's part of Peg Woffington. Mr. Bancroft will be Triplet, Miss Ellen Terry will play Mabel Vane, and Miss Maggie Brennan Kitty Clive.

Mr. COLLETTE leaves the Prince of Wales's when Lord Lytton's comedy, *Money*, is withdrawn.

LITTLE EM'LY will not be revived at the Adelphi before the beginning of November.

## Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts were recommenced on Saturday last, and will be continued every Saturday until April next, with the usual interval during the Christmas holidays. The following selection was provided on Saturday last:—

- |  |                |
|--|----------------|
| 1. Overture, "The Naiads" (op. 15).....                                    | W. S. Bennett. |
| 2. Aria, "When the Tears of Joy" (Il Seraglio), Mr. Edward Lloyd.....      | Mozart.        |
| 3. Concerto for Violin (1st movement), Herr Wilhelmj.....                  | Paganini.      |
| 4. Aria, "Come Scoglio" (Cosi fan tutte), Middle. Cristino.....            | Mozart.        |
| 5. Symphony No. 1 in C.....  | Beethoven.     |
| 6. Song, "Maid of Athens," Mr. Edward Lloyd.....                           | Gounod.        |
| 7. Notturmo (adapted for violin by Wilhelmj), Herr Wilhelmj.....           | Chopin.        |
| 8. Song, "Visper son Gentile" (Tempo di Tarantella), Middle. Cristino..... | Arditi.        |
| 6. Overture, "Der fliegende Holländer".....                                | Wagner.        |

The conductor was, of course, Mr. A. Munn, who has worthily occupied that important post for many years, and has made himself one of the best among orchestral conductors. The Naiads overture was beautifully played, and left no room for doubt that the band is this season fully up to the former high standard of excellence. Indeed, it is almost identical with the Saturday-Concert band of last season; the regular band of the Crystal Palace being reinforced by the same distinguished instrumental players who have hitherto been specially engaged for the Saturday Concerts. Bennett's beautiful overture enabled this fine body of players to display all the best characteristics of orchestral playing. It was not merely that they proved themselves able to bring out every gradation of tone, from the loudest forte to the softest pianissimo. They did much more than this, and showed themselves capable of bringing out the lights and shades of the composition with a delicacy of taste and sympathy of expression which made their united performance seem like the work of one refined master-mind. Orchestral playing like this affords the highest intellectual delight, and the applause which burst forth from the entire audience at the conclusion of the overture warmly recognised the merits of the performers and conductor. The concerto for violin, by Paganini, is a work of little intrinsic merit. It abounds with opportunities for the display of mechanical dexterity, but neither excites the imagination nor touches the feelings. The first movement only was played by Herr Wilhelmj, and it was so long that before it came to a conclusion the audience were exchanging congratulations on the omission of the succeeding movement. Herr Wilhelmj mastered the technical difficulties with an ease which could hardly have been surpassed by Paganini himself or by his famous Pupil, Sivi, whom we once heard play the entire concerto. Herr Wilhelmj was, however, inferior to Sivi in pathos and expression. The opportunities for the display of these qualities are not over-abundant in this concerto, and the pathos is of a common-place character; but Sivi always contrived to play as if he, at least, was moved by the sentiment of the piece, and he thus interested his hearers to an extent which Herr Wilhelmj never approached. The great event of the day was the performance of Beethoven's No. 1 Symphony in C, the first of a glorious series of nine, all of which are to be performed in the course of the ensuing season. It would be a waste of words to enter into an analysis of any of Beethoven's symphonies. All that can be said respecting them is familiar to musical students, and it is only necessary now to remind them that, while Haydn was the first composer who reduced the symphony to its present regular form, in which he was followed by the divine Mozart, Beethoven has raised the symphony to a higher importance than was ever dreamed of by Haydn or Mozart. His compositions of this kind are the most wonderful efforts of the human intellect; and it has been said, with no small degree of truth, that his No. 5 Symphony in C minor is as great a manifestation of creative genius as the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare.

Beethoven's work was a pure and simple effort of imagination, combined with mastery over the means of expression; and he had not, like Shakspeare, the benefit of traditional lore to aid his invention. We will not pursue this subject farther; but may dismiss it with the passage from Goethe, which has been happily chosen as the motto of the *Musical World*, the best and longest-established of all musical magazines. Goethe says:—"The worth of art appears most eminent in Music; since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted: it is wholly form and power; and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses." The No. 1 Symphony shows Beethoven while still influenced by the power of Haydn and Mozart. As the season advances we shall have opportunities of observing how his style developed, and how he arrived at a distinct "manner" of his own, from which eventually a third "manner" was evolved; there being in this respect a striking similarity in the art-life of Beethoven and the painter Turner. How well the symphony was played by the Palace band it will be unnecessary to say. It could hardly ever have been better, if so well, played. The overture to Wagner's opera, *The Flying Dutchman*, was the novelty of the day, in conformity with the excellent plan of giving one novelty at each concert. Although it had not before been played at the Crystal Palace, it is not unfamiliar to amateurs; and it must be admitted that a finer performance of the work could hardly be conceived. Despite some exaggeration of style, and a too liberal use of the full orchestra, it is a fine work, the production of no common mind. The command of orchestral resources which it evinces is remarkable, and as a prelude to the gloomy yet pathetic legend of the fated Vanderdecken, it is poetically imagined, and cannot fail to arouse the interest of all who hear it. How much is it to be regretted that this "first manner" of Wagner's should have subsequently been forsaken for a style which, however warmly defended by a noisy crew of fifth-rate musicians, is found vague, unsymmetrical, tedious, and empty pretensions, by the great mass of competent judges! Of Herr Wilhelmj as a violinist we have a high opinion, and of Herr Wilhelmj as an original composer we shall be glad to have an opportunity of judging; but of Herr Wilhelmj as an "arranger," we can only speak in terms of indignation, when we find him

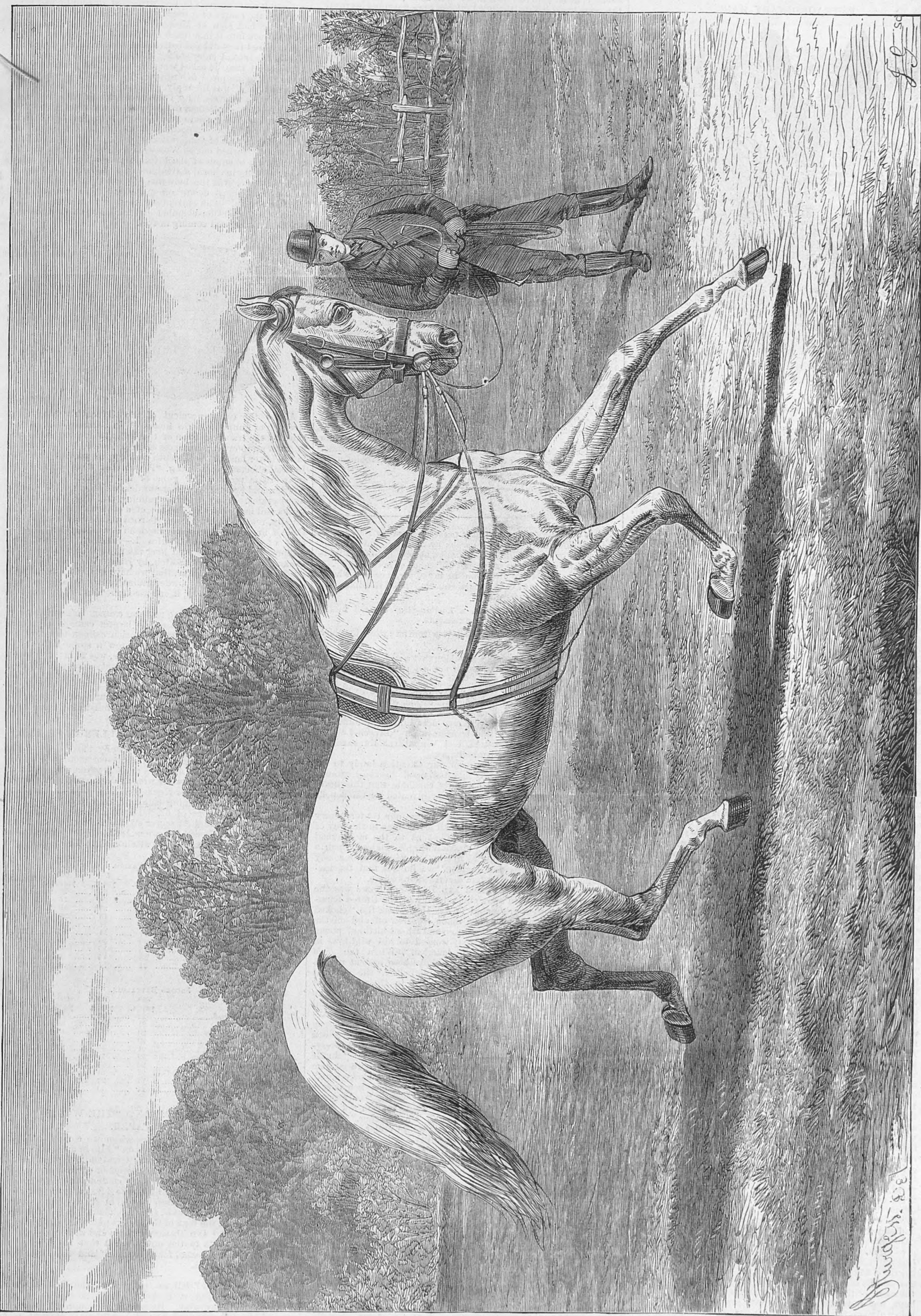


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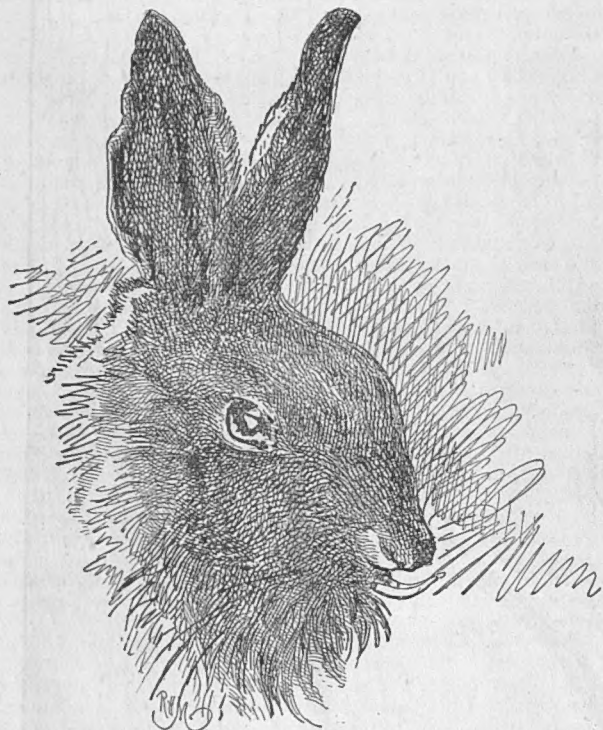


FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.—"WARRIOR."



## Shooting Notes.

## EXTRAORDINARY HARE.



The above is an illustration of a hare shot in January near Uffenheim, in Bavaria. Its body was perfect, and it weighed 10½ lb. The two unnaturally long teeth, which are seen in the illustration, project four centimetres further than the other teeth. In order that it should be able to reach its food, nature gave it an exceptionally long and strong tongue, which is nearly as curious as the teeth.

The hare is stuffed, and now in possession of Herr Braumeister, Moritz, Bullheimer zu Nürnberg. L. B. K.

## FIGHT BETWEEN A CAT AND A ROE.

On June 2, 1874, I was strolling about in some woods with my gun when I suddenly heard the cries of a deer coming from afar off. With great caution I approached the spot from where the sounds came, and found a roe and a huge house-cat, which latter, with bristled hair and uplifted paw, was warding off very effectively the ferocious kicks of the roe. Neither appeared willing to leave the field of battle, until the cat, apparently finding a new enemy in me, sought a speedy flight, followed by its courageous adversary. My interest had been so keenly aroused that it had never struck me to shoot this most undomesticated specimen of domestic pets. After the disappearance of the combatants I was attracted by the feeble cries of a young calf; and, searching in the bushes, I discovered a very young calf, which probably was the original object attacked by the cat. While I was still occupied with the young calf its mother returned and licked tenderly her young one that had gone through so much danger. Great was my joy in returning home; for, when I was two miles away from the scene of the combat, I perceived my friend the cat calmly trotting in the direction of the nearest village. I am happy to say that it never reached this village, but was left by your humble servant a prey to the foxes and vultures. L. B. K.

## SHOOTING IN RHENISH PRUSSIA.

Englishmen, as a rule, believe that there are no sportsmen except themselves, that the French only fish for frogs, and that the Germans know as much about sporting as the man of the moon. I need hardly say how foolish and unfounded this opinion is, as I have seen as good sportsmen of both nations as can be found in England. I am living now in Germany, and often get an invitation to go out shooting, either from the Herr Bürgermeister or other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. In Germany—at least in this part of Germany—the woods and fields do not belong to the "gentry," but the woods belong to the Kaiser and the fields to the "bauers," or peasants, and one can buy the right of shooting over a certain part of these fields and woods. By paying so much each year one can buy either the whole "jagd" or else a thiel of the "jagd." In the first instance you have the sole right of shooting over the land specified; in the second you divide the right with three, four, or five others, as the case may be. Perhaps my opinion may seem to some people paradoxical, but I must say that I would far sooner have a day's shooting in Germany than in England. There are not such big bags made, it is true; but there seems to me to be more sport in it than in the shooting in England. I will describe a day's shooting we had last week. We started at six a.m., with our guns slung over our shoulders, for we had a long walk before we came to the place where we were going to shoot; and after two hours walk we came to very thick wood, where we made a halt and received our orders from the forester (who has the care of the Kaiser's woods). He was to go in through the middle of the wood with the dogs, and we two (I and the Herr Bürgermeister) were to station ourselves outside. After we had waited about ten minutes the welcome yelp was heard, and a few minutes after I heard a bang coming from the direction where the Bürgermeister stood. Soon after the signal that the wood was finished was given, and I found that the Bürgermeister had shot a very fine hare. The forester then told us that in the next wood two roebuck had been seen, and that we must look out for a shot. Being stationed as before, I was in great excitement, as I had never yet shot a deer, and I longed for it to come out my way; and I was doomed not to be disappointed, for sure enough two fine roebuck leapt out of the wood, only two yards from where I was standing. I fired, and brought one down, and saw the other run off in the direction of the Bürgermeister, and heard the report of his gun; but he had only managed to wound it, and one of the dogs got on its scent and for an hour and a half did it chase it quite alone, and at last the deer was obliged to give in, and I, who had followed the dog as well as I could, came up and found the dog almost dead, lying by the side of the deer, who had been shot through the leg. The dog who chased this deer is quite a small dog; I don't know what is the name of the breed, never having seen one like it in England, but it is the best dog I ever saw to take out shooting, being always the first to put up the game. After a deal of whistling, I managed to let the others know where I was, and soon after they came up, and we dispatched the deer, which was a very fine one indeed. The forester then went to the

nearest village to get a cart and a horse to bear home the spoils, and very pleased he was that we had shot them both, because, as he told us, he'd never seen two deer shot out of the same wood before, though I couldn't see anything so wonderful in it. We left the forester to look after the deer, and went into some neighbouring fields, to have a look for a partridge or two; but we only managed to kill a brace, as they are so extremely wild. We then went home to luncheon, and were to meet again at five o'clock. Five o'clock punctual found us assembled outside a wood, where we were to lie in wait for the hares when they came out into the fields to get their supper. For three-quarters of an hour I stood as still as death, and had begun to give up all hope of seeing anything, when I heard a rustling near me, and presently a fine fox came trotting out of the wood. I had no time to ask myself whether I ought to shoot or not, or perhaps I shouldn't have; as it was, I levelled my gun and shot, the fox lay dead some two or three yards from me. I blush when I think of it, that I, an Englishman, should be guilty of shooting a fox, and am sure that there are some people who will look upon me as something little less than a savage or a murderer, but they don't hunt foxes out here, and foxes do steal the chickens, and it was a very tempting shot. I found that my friend had killed a hare, so we returned to a good supper very contented with our day's sport, having killed two deer, two hares, a brace of partridges, and a—fox. I have been invited to a grand wild-boar hunt next week, an account of which I will send you. L. B. K.

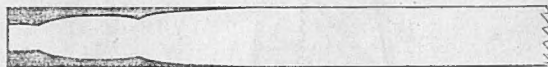
Veldenz, Rhenish Prussia.

## CHOKE-BORING.

My attention has been drawn, by an American customer stopping at the Great Western Hotel, to *Land and Water*, where, in an article headed "Breechloaders and the Choke-Bore System," that paper makes the following assertion:—

It has been stated that the theory of "choke-boring," as it is now termed, was known in this country in the old Manton's time, but fell into disuse several years ago. Choke-boring consists simply in enlarging a portion of the bore of the gun by 3-1000th of an inch, commencing about one-fourth of an inch from the muzzle (which is left in its normal size), and continuing the enlargement some three and a-half inches towards the breech.

If the foregoing formula is correct, the way we (gunmakers) "choke-bore" our guns is wrong. Our definition of "choke-bore" is—"A contraction of the muzzle, varying from 10,000ths to 30,000ths of an inch smaller than the remainder of the bore, such contraction terminating in a parabolic curve near the muzzle.



This contraction (as you may perceive from my rough pen-and-ink sketch—not drawn to scale, by-the-bye) converges the shot more or less, within certain limits, according to the slightness or intensity of the curve and difference of bore.

I also learn (for the first time in my experience as a wholesale manufacturer of thirty years' standing) from this insensate article in your contemporary,

that great lasting qualities in a fowling-piece are not in the majority of cases the chiefest requirements.

One would expect to learn something from an article in which the writer observes—

Probably we are in error in assuming that a majority, or at any rate a large minority, of sportsmen are not conversant with the principles or the meaning of the term "choke-bore."

I do not think, however, that I ever discoursed with anyone (not even in a railway-train) who ever displayed such ignorance about guns and gunmaking as the writer of the article in question, and who, moreover, considers himself qualified to instruct both gunmakers and sportsmen on "Breech-Loaders and the Choke-Bore System."—A WHOLESALE EXPORTER IN THE AMERICAN TRADE (Birmingham).

A large Scotch landowner drew our attention lately to the fact that our contemporary insisted upon "packing grouse-poult in August," so we can only conclude that this novel system of choke-boring was specially invented for the benefit of such extraordinary birds.

We note, however, that another paper, our contemporary the *Field*, to wit, notwithstanding all it has done in the way of "trying guns," is particularly silent as to the mechanical details of what constitutes "choke-boring." Indeed, upon a careful perusal of its back files, in search of what it erroneously terms the "new system of boring," we do not find the mechanical details of that system described anywhere.

The ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS was the first paper that wrote upon choke-boring in the United Kingdom. The system originated in America, where the "choked part" of the gun-barrel was made to screw off and on the muzzle, so as to increase the range and "hard-hitting" power of the settlers' guns when they wanted to kill wild fowl in the lagoons and swamps of America. When the *Field* awarded the "invention" of the choke-bore system to Mr. Pape, of Newcastle, Messrs. Read and Son, the eminent Boston gunmakers, must have laughed in their sleeves at our contemporary's gullibility, as did everybody else who knew anything about the matter. Before the *Field* gun-trial took place we said the results would prove that "choke-boring" was only suitable for wild-fowl shooting and pigeon "smashing" in matches. The result of that trial verified our prediction to the letter; and it is palpable to everybody that our contemporary is now trying to "shuffle out" of his hasty indorsement of the choke-bore system pure and simple, and recommend a "modified choke-bore." Our contemporary went about "cackling like a hen over a newly laid egg," upon discovering a system "only seven years old in America," which it tried to ram-rod down our throats as "a new invention of Mr. Greener." Upon croquet, or the best kind of hen's eggs to set under a goose, we have great respect for our contemporary's opinion; but when it comes to the scientific part of rifle-shooting or gunnery, we cannot but join in the laugh which the *Field* invariably raises against itself.

## PIGEON-SHOOTING AND THE GUNMAKERS.

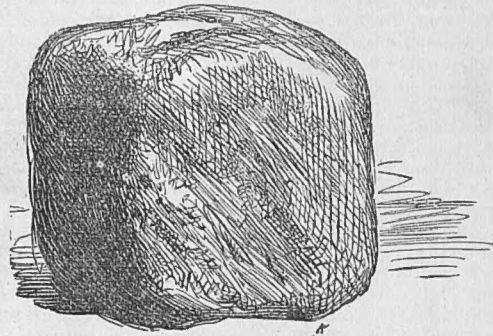
The principal gunmakers who have manufactured "winning" guns at the various clubs during the season are as follow:—

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.—The winning gunmakers here were Mr. Stephen Grant, who heads the list with £695; Mr. Charles Lancaster, £575; Mr. Horsley, 458; Mr. Boss, £380; and Mr. A. Lancaster, £110. This does not include cups and their money value.

THE GUN CLUB.—The makers of the winning guns here were Mr. Stephen Grant, who again heads the list with £1453; Mr. Charles Lancaster follows, with £664; Mr. Holland, £296; Messrs. Boss and Co., £289; Mr. Haste, £180; Messrs. Horsley, £173; Mr. A. Lancaster, £153; and Messrs. Reilly and Co., £133. The value of the cups are not included in these amounts.

## A MONSTER GRAIN OF GUNPOWDER.

There is a story, probably known to the reader, of two modern Munchausens meeting in company, when one of them, recounting some marvels he had witnessed, or said he had witnessed, in the course of a tour in Russia, described a monster cannon he had seen at Moscow. "It was so big," he said, "that I drove into it in a coach and four." The guests naturally declared they did not believe him. "I have no doubt of it," said the second story-teller, and, putting on an inquiring expression of face, he asked when the other had paid his visit to the enormous piece of ordnance in question. "On such and such a day," was the reply. "It is quite true," added the rival dealer in marvels, "for I was there at the time and saw it all. As that gentleman drove in at the muzzle in his coach and four, I was in the act of driving out at the touch-hole in a postchaise and pair." Appended is an illustration of one of the monster grains of gunpowder used for loading the 81-ton gun recently turned out at Woolwich Arsenal. Although not large enough to admit of the Brighton coach (old "Mac," the guard, blowing his horn) driving into the muzzle and out at the touch-hole, still the bore was big enough to admit of a labourer crawling down on "all-fours" to extract the "crusher-gauge"—an invention used for measuring the pressure in the powder-chamber—which had got fixed, owing to the extracting-rod coming in two.



About the commencement of the sixteenth century the strength of gunpowder was increased in Germany almost one third by the transformation of the hitherto mealed into corn or grain gunpowder; a process first commenced by the French, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, to prevent the prejudicial effects of its binding. It was then divided into three sorts—siege powder (for guns of heavy calibre), arquebus powder, and petronel or pistol powder, which consisted of the finest grains. The powder for priming, and that used for fireworks and incendiary projectiles, of a kind which ignited less rapidly, remained ungrained. Corned gunpowder was, nevertheless, first generally used in England at a much later period—that of the reign of Charles I.—artillery, firearms, and gunpowder being imported long after the establishment of a cannon-foundry in Houndsditch, by Henry VIII., in 1535. It must be admitted, however, that we have in the course of two centuries developed our powder grains to a size large enough to knock a man's eye out, if one was thrown at him by hand as a missile.

The idea of manufacturing monster cannon lacks originality, as Mohammed II., 1452, caused the largest cannon on record to be cast at Adrianople, by Hungarian cannon-founders, for the siege of Constantinople. It threw a stone ball of the weight of 1200 lbs; its calibre, or bore, was 27 in; and to set it in motion the united strength of seventy oxen and 200 men was required. It occupied two months to transport it from Adrianople to Constantinople, a distance of thirty-six hours' march only. Arrived there, it was fired but seven times a day, as it required two hours to load it. It burst after some days' firing.

## COUNTY OF WORCESTER CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The annual competition for this trophy took place at the Rifle Association Ranges at Hartlebury-common on Wednesday. The distances were 400, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots at each range. The 2nd Battalion were again the victors with only one point. Surgeon Grewcock (Pershire) was the highest scorer again on the winning side, and thus holds the shield and badge with a score of 62. Lieutenant Goodwin won a cup, he being the highest scorer on the losing side. Fourteen matches have been held since 1862. The 1st Battalion has won eight and the second battalion six. The following is the score:—

FIRST BATTALION.					Total.
	400 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.		
Lieutenant Goodwin.....	26	24	21	.....	71
Lieutenant Danks.....	26	20	17	.....	63
Lieutenant Keen.....	22	25	16	.....	63
Lieutenant Talbot.....	23	15	20	.....	58
Lieutenant Saunders.....	20	17	20	.....	57
Captain Wolrige.....	24	14	15	.....	53
Captain Danks.....	19	18	15	.....	52
Captain Watson.....	18	18	15	.....	51
Lieutenant Baker.....	23	14	6	.....	43
Lieutenant Morton.....	21	17	4	.....	42
					553
SECOND BATTALION.					Total.
	400 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.		
Surgeon Grewcock.....	22	22	18	.....	62
Surgeon Parnell.....	21	19	21	.....	61
Lieutenant Bartlett.....	22	22	15	.....	59
Captain Milward.....	20	23	15	.....	58
Captain Corbett.....	21	18	18	.....	57
Battalion-Chaplain Rev. F. J. Eld.....	22	13	20	.....	55
Lieutenant Tombs.....	20	18	16	.....	54
Rev. J. Potts (Chaplain 14th Co.).....	21	21	11	.....	53
Captain Webb.....	16	22	10	.....	48
Lieutenant Wilson.....	21	13	13	.....	47
					554

## "OUR JADED M.P." AND "THE WORLD" NEWSPAPER.

At the beginning of the grouse season we commenced publishing a series of sporting papers on "Life in a Shooting-Box by a Jaded M.P.," dating from "Glentoddie Lodge," in the Highlands. Owing to the indisposition of our contributor, the series terminated abruptly. Our contemporary the *World* appears, however, to have liked the idea, as we perceive a series of romantic sporting papers in its columns, headed "Shooting in the Lowlands, from Toddieton Hall." The difference between the tone of the papers published in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS and those published in the *World* consists in the obvious fact that the former is written "by a sportsman for sportsmen" and the latter by a cockney for cockneys.

A "ROYAL HART" fell to the rifle of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley in Mr. Robert Berkeley's park at Spetchley, near Worcester, on Thursday. He was shot through the heart, and was of the following weight and conditions:—Weight as he fell shot, 419 lb; when clean and hung, 260 lb; haunches, 55 lb each.



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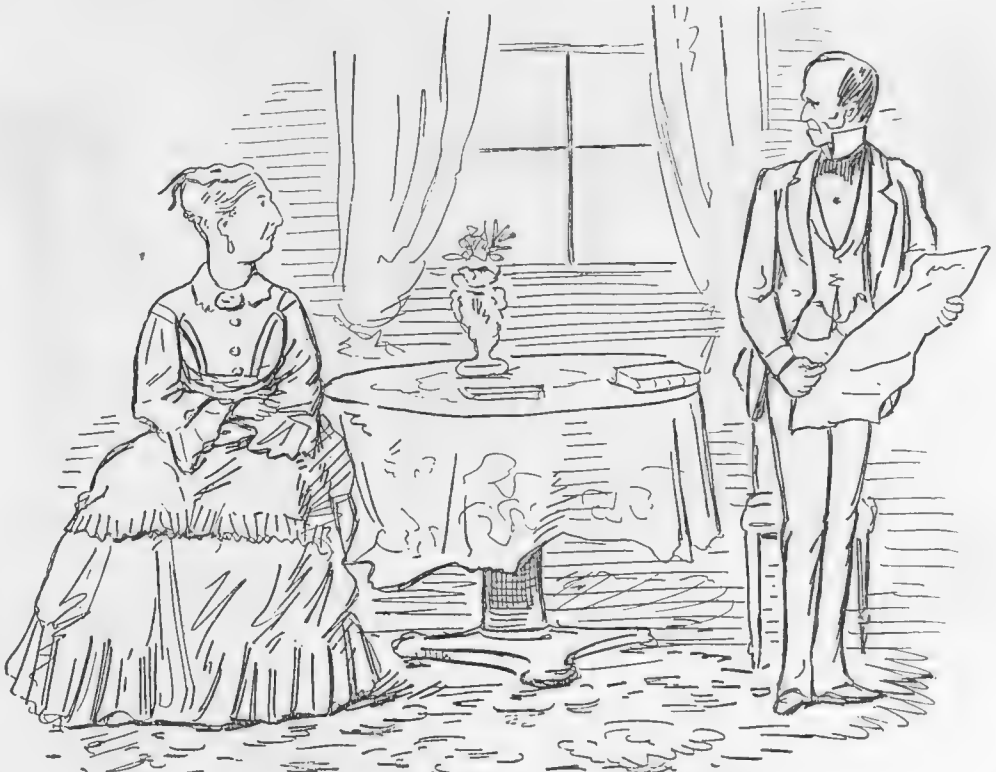
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## Our Captious Critic.

WHEN one reads in the daily journals that a new piece has been received with every demonstration of delight the statement does not mean that the new piece is a remarkably good piece, but that the audience was a first-night's audience. This trite observation is merely intended as a reminder of the fact that the verdict of a first-night's audience is the least to be depended upon in the world. For example, *Married in Haste* was received at the Haymarket, on Saturday last, with every possible demonstration of delight, and yet its merits as a comedy are of the slightest; it contains no forcible characterisation nor any healthy witty dialogue. The characters presented in it are conventional and the story it tells is insignificant. We are shown in a sort of drawing-room Lord Burleigh, in the shape of a young snob, who is supposed to be a landscape-painter. To say that this youth (whose stage representative is Mr. Charles Warner) dresses himself in the extreme of fashion would scarcely be to convey an accurate notion of his various costumes. He walks in silk attire. He sometimes wears a hat which would make a very good sign for a public-house called "The Chequers," for you could certainly play a game of chess upon the crown of it. 'Tis thus he wins his Geneviève—his bright, his beauteous bride—who is none other than a Miss Ethel Grainger, the daughter of wealthy but commercial parents. This young lady, having artistic tastes, is naturally dazzled by the handsome figure and resplendent apparel of Augustus (that is his name); and when her parents still more naturally wish to discard him, upon finding out that he is wealthy instead of poor, she proclaims her love and straightway goes off and is married to him. Augustus is one of those selfish snobs whom Mr. Henry Byron insists so often upon making the heroes of his pieces. He wishes to keep his marriage a secret (wherefore one does not exactly see), and he travels incognito. When his wealthy but very eccentric old uncle disinherits him he lives upon his wife's earnings, she having developed into a sort of modern Angelica Kauffmann, and he neglects her in a deliberate manner. He is altogether a very uninteresting character, and the less said about him the better.

As for the wealthy old uncle, he is a study after—a very long way after—Sir Oliver Surface in the *School for Scandal*. He does good by stealth in the same way adopted by that worthy, and similarly expresses his dissatisfaction with his nephew's extravagance. It is not needful to assert Mr. Hermann Vezin's claim to be considered one of the best of contemporary actors. He has proved it over and over again. But it cannot be said that his performance of Percy Pendragon in *Married in Haste* will add to his laurels. He is just the conventional old uncle, in high collars and a black stock, irritable, generous, and inconsistent, with whom we are familiar in scores of comedies.



(Scene from a Byronic Comedy.)

Mr and Mrs Chilli Vinegar discovered conversing.

He. You are a nasty old woman!

She. You are another!!

Curtain.

If the character offered any great opportunity for good acting one might feel inclined to express disappointment that Mr. Hermann Vezin should render it in such a very conventional manner. As it does not offer such opportunity, one must be content to remark the occasional glimpses it affords of the actor's intelligence and well-balanced delivery.

The person (apart from Mr. Byron himself, of whom anon) who really does make an impression in this piece is undoubtedly Miss Carlotta Addison. Playing a part which in circumstances and character strongly reminds one of that which she played in Mr. Albery's *Forgiven*, she discovers decided power and a refinement of style which very few of our young actresses can be said to possess. Miss Addison has arrived at her present degree of artistic skill by long and patient study, and it must be evident to any critical observer now that she only requires the opportunity of a good and special part to make a very high mark indeed. As Ethel Grainger she is by turns shy, impulsive, modest, determined, gentle, and passionate. And every shade of feeling she expresses with a delicacy that is unmistakable. The Haymarket management have done wisely in securing her services.

To the spectator of *Married in Haste*, however, it becomes speedily apparent that the author's chief motive in composing it was to provide Mr. Henry Byron with a part suited to his peculiarities as an actor, which are not small, and to his capabilities as an actor, which are not great. He has taken his own measure exactly, and fitted himself to a nicety. To look like a gentleman, to preserve an imperturbable demeanour, and, like Baron Grog in the *Grand Duchess*, say the most laughable things without moving a muscle, these are Mr. Byron's little receipts in the way of acting. Gibson Greene is his latest alias. It is one of those characters in a piece which, in marine phraseology, might be styled supercargoes. He has no personal interest in the plot of the piece, and yet he has more to say and better opportunities of saying it than any other of the characters. For my own part, I am always hugely amused by Mr. Byron's histrionic essays. And his easy style is pleasant to witness. I think, however, that he has given us rather too much of Mr. Gibson Greene. The part becomes too palpably a mere mouthpiece for startling verbal witticisms, some of which are very venerable indeed. It is astonishing how Mr. Byron has overhauled his Joe Miller, and "when found made a note on't." *Married in Haste*, notwithstanding its flimsiness, is, however, sufficiently amusing, and should be seen.

On Tuesday I wended my way to the Crystal Palace to witness the initial performance of Mr. Charles Wyndham's series of dramatic revivals. It consisted of that well-worn yet diverting adaptation so well-beloved of amateurs, *Still Waters Run Deep*. I have before now commented upon the audiences who attend these Crystal Palace matinées. They are for the most part people who would not enter the regular theatres. Prim parsons, who have quite forgotten the days when they were young, and heard the chimes at midnight after the boat-race day; elderly spinsters with annuities, who look with abhorrence upon actresses, and talk of them as "abandoned creatures;" these you will see demure and orderly enjoying the play at the palace. Mr. Charles Wyndham has well inaugurated his season, and *Still Waters Run Deep* was received with decided approbation. The John Mildmay of Mr. Wyndham, though lacking the stolidity and heaviness proper to the character, is a good performance. As Potter, Mr. Edward Righton was excellent. The fussy old man who is always surrendering his will into the hands of his strong-minded sister was very comically rendered. Mrs. Stirling's Mrs. Sternhold is probably the best performance of the character that is to be seen anywhere. Mr. Edward Price's Hawksley was scarcely sustained enough. As Dumbilk, the Irish insurance agent, Mr. Charles Collette is in his element; the attitude of delighted expectancy which he

assumed when there was talk of fighting was highly characteristic. The prettiest of pretty actresses, Miss Minnie Walton, was the Mrs. Mildmay; her charming Californian accent was, however, once or twice too apparent. She played the character with considerable feeling. I shall go again to the Crystal Palace.



The Costume of a Modern Artist as depicted by a young and lovely actor in "Married in Haste."



"Married in Haste"

or  
Mr Gibson Green and his  
Little Friends



## Athletics.

The bright and bracing autumnal weather of the past week having been most favourable for athletic sports, it may not be inopportune to commence in our present Number a weekly record of the leading events of the athletic arena. Lord William Lennox writes in one of his interesting sporting works:—"The ancients were so well aware of the importance of exercise and temperance to ensure a healthy constitution, and, from the intimate connection of body and mind, of improving the latter also, that gymnastic sports were held in the highest repute."

The Olympic crown, although composed of laurel or olive, was the most exalted mark of approbation that could be conferred, it being deemed beneath a brave, free-spirited conqueror to attach a value to gold, silver, or other usual gratifications of a mercenary and an ambitious soul." Lord William Lennox is to be credited here with a palpable hit. "Pot-hunting" is undoubtedly in favour with many of those who "go in" for "Our Olympian Sports" in the present day. That there are, on the other hand, a large majority who enjoy sport for its own sake will be clear to anyone who may care to spend a Saturday afternoon in watching the football matches which enliven Blackheath and other popular playgrounds at this season of the year.

KENNINGTON OVAL is to have a Lillie-bridge gala this (Saturday) afternoon. The Peckham Amateur Athletic Club Sports (to commence at three) are to be the attraction.

LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.—At the second autumn meeting of this club, to be held at Lillie-bridge, on Saturday, Oct. 23, the following events will be open to amateurs:—150-Yards Handicap, a £10 10s. cup and other prizes; One-Mile Handicap, three prizes; Four-Miles Walking Handicap, three prizes. Entries, with name of club, colours, and entrance-fee—2s. 6d. (P.O.O.) each race—to be sent by post to the hon. secretary, W. Waddell, 20, St. Mary Abbott's-terrace, Kensington, W., on or before Saturday, Oct. 9. The committee reserve the right of refusing any entry.

THE EAST SURREY CLUB SPORTS at Woodside, Croydon, last Saturday, included five open races—a mile handicap, won by J. C. Bendixen, Curlew Rowing Club, 5 yards' start; a two-mile walking handicap, won by T. Dorey, North London Harriers, 10 secs start; a 220-yards handicap, won by W. R. Horncastle, South London Harriers, 5 yards' start; a 440-yards handicap, also won by W. R. Horncastle, with 28 yards' start; and a half-mile handicap, won by J. C. Bendixen (afterwards the mile victor), who started at scratch.

AT THE WINDSOR AND ETON ATHLETIC SPORTS in Windsor Home Park, on Saturday last, Mr. William Waddell was starter, Mr. Sykenham Dixon, handicapper, and Mr. Tom Griffith timekeeper. There were three open handicaps—120 yards, won by J. K. H. Fowler, Vale of Aylesbury Cricket Club, 12½ yards' start; half-mile, won by A. Hoblyn, also of the Vale, with 75 yards' start; mile, won by R. H. Shaw, Great Marlow Football Club, 122 yards' start. The closest of the members' races was the 300-yards handicap, won by E. Pettitt, 10 yards' start. There was more variety in the sports than we are used to at the L.A.C. meetings! Weight-putting, high and wide jumping, throwing the cricket ball (W. Whitfield threw it 95 yards 7in), and bicycling took place, in addition to the pedestrian contests.

THE SOUTH LONDON HARRIERS had a sharp burst across country for their first run of the season last Saturday afternoon. The hares (W. M. Colson and G. F. Harris) beat the pack. It was a nine-mile run—from Peckham-rye, via Bromley, to Eltham and back.

MORLEY'S SPORTS.—It is one of the healthiest signs of the times that such large firms as Shoolbridge and Whitely's have really excellent athletic clubs, whose annual races are the occasions for the pleasantest of outdoor gatherings. Morley's have also started a meet, the Gresham House sports having been instituted last Saturday at the Tufnell Park grounds. Morley's young men ran in various members' handicaps. There were also the following open contests:—120-yards handicap, won by W. Duck (R.F.C., whatever that may be) 15 yards' start; one-mile handicap, won by W. Rendall, L.A.C., 75 yards' start, G. Hope, the scratch-man, being beaten by ten yards only; and the wrestling, won easily by W. Smith.

THE SURREY BICYCLE CLUB held a series of bicycle races at the Oval last Saturday, and the one open contest, the four-miles handicap, was won by W. Taylerson, the scratch man; time, 15min 4sec. This skilful "wheelist" also again won the five-mile handicap for the Whiting challenge cup, which is now his property. A ten-miles match between E. Tyler (Champion of Ireland), two minutes' start, and H. Osborne (Captain Surrey Bicycle Club), was won by the former by about fifty yards.

THAMES HARE AND HOUNDS.—A ten-mile handicap, open to all amateurs, will be run at Lillie-bridge on Saturday, Oct. 16. Three prizes, value £10 10s., £5 5s., and £3 3s. are offered, and bronze medals to all who run the distance within the hour. Entries, 2s. 6d., close Oct. 9, to Walter Rye, The Limes, Fairfield, Wandsworth, S.W.

MOSTON PARK ATHLETIC CLUB, MANCHESTER.—The committee of this club offer handsome prizes to be run for in a 120-yards and half-mile handicaps, on Saturday, Oct. 16, as well as three prizes for the neatest costumes; and on Saturday, Oct. 23, they will also give handsome prizes to be competed for in a 120-yards handicap for youths, a one-mile handicap, and a two-miles bicycle-race, and three prizes for the neatest costumes. For forms of entry apply to Mr. J. Taylor, 12, Mason-street, Swan-street, Manchester.

A MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP took place at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, on Saturday and Monday last, when Mr. McGregor, the retiring proprietor, presented £60 to be competed for in three prizes. The Paris bicyclist, C. Thuillet, was within an ace almost of winning on Monday. While he had a start of 40 yards, J. Webster went away with 185 yards' start, J. T. Williams with 150, and C. Rawson with 140. Thuillet speedily rushed into the second place, but could not overtake the Wolverhampton man, Williams, who won by eight yards, the Frenchman beating Rawson by about the same distance.

THE CHAMPION BICYCLISTS OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH (as they were styled), W. Cann, of Sheffield, and D. Stanton, of London, had a twenty-mile contest for £25 and the championship, on Monday last, at the Victoria Grounds, Leeds. Stanton won by about ten yards; time, 1 hour 19min 54sec.

THE FOUR-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP was run for last Saturday, at the Springfield Racing-Grounds, Glasgow. Thousands were present. The stakes were £50 a side. George Hazell, of London, ten and four miles champion, and James McLeary, of Glasgow, the Scottish champion, were the competitors. They ran level for two miles. Then Hazell spurred to the front; he led by half a lap at three miles and a quarter, where McLeary "caved in," leaving Hazell to finish alone.

THE REGATTA OF THE WEST LONDON ROWING CLUB, on Saturday last, virtually closed the amateur boating season, though there are still a few races to come off among minor

clubs. The open handicap for sculls was won by D. J. Cowles, W.L.R.C. (15sec start), the scratch men, R. Lebat, Dublin University Club, being only beaten by a quarter of a length. A. Hall's crew won the final heat of the scratch eights. The London Rowing Club held a general meeting on the same evening, at the clubhouse, Putney; and the North London Rowing Club had their final race of the season—an eight-oared scratch-race between two crews, stroked by T. W. Pott and A. Middleton, and won by the former, a barge at anchor impeding the latter.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES is to be sculled for by Joe Sadler and R. Boyd on Nov. 15, and the stakes (£200) are gradually being deposited. Sadler is training at Chertsey; Boyd taking his breathings at present in the North, at Rothbury.

THE OCTOBER FETE OF THE ILEX SWIMMING CLUB is quite an autumnal reunion of London rowing-men. The club, indeed, was originally started to promote social intercourse among the members of the various rowing clubs as well as to encourage swimming. Mr. J. P. Davis, the first secretary, used to be very much in earnest in urging that the Ilex Swimming Club should be made the social centre of the leading boating clubs on the Thames. How far this excellent idea has been carried out will be seen on Tuesday evening next, when the fifteenth annual entertainment of the Ilex Swimming Club is to take place at the Lambeth Swimming Bath, the headquarters of the veteran ex-Champion, Professor Beckwith. Numerous diving, plunging, and swift-swimming contests are in the programme, the most useful item of which should be the race in clothes—a happy thought on the part of Mr. Horace Davenport, Amateur Champion Swimmer, and Captain of the Ilex Swimming Club.

CAPTAIN WEBB (to be the honoured guest of the Ilex, by-the-way, at their annual club dinner) is to give his cheerful countenance to the Alexandra Palace Swimming Fête, the first in the new swimming bath. Professor Beckwith and his talented son and daughter, and young Baker (who accompanied Captain Webb across the Channel), are to dive and swim. Fleet swimmers are to show their skill, and receive the rewards of their prowess from Captain Webb himself.

GOLF.—The autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews closed last Saturday with the usual contest among the professionals. The first five, and the winners of £12, £8, £5, £3, and £2 respectively, were Jamie Anderson, Davie Strath, James Rennie, K. Kinsman, and W. Morris, jun.

## Hunting.

LORD COVENTRY'S HOUNDS.—These hounds have been having good sport lately, and on Monday the meet was at Mr. G. B. Essex's, Leigh Court, where all comers were liberally provided with breakfast; after which the hounds were thrown into Rock Hill, where they soon got on the track of a fox, and in the course of the run the hounds got on the track of a badger, which they soon killed.

SIR ROBERT BATESON HARVEY'S HARRIERS.—This pack of well-known harriers had, during last week, some early morning meets for the purpose of training the young hounds. Mr. Statham's farm, Datchet, was fixed for last Saturday's meet.

THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS met, on Thursday, at Telscombe Tye. The arrangements and appointments for the season 1875-6 will be the same as last year—viz., Mondays, Newmarket Hill; Thursdays, Telscombe Tye.

PRESENTATION TO A M.F.H.—A handsome goblet, subscribed for by members of the South Devon Hunt, was, last Tuesday evening, presented by Sir John Duntze, Bart., on behalf of the subscribers, to Mr. Thomas Westlake, on his retirement from the mastership of the hunt, and as a token of their appreciation of the spirit shown by him during the past ten seasons.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—On the 1st inst. this Royal pack met for the first time this season at the Royal Ascot Hotel for the purpose of bleeding the young hounds. There was only a select field out. This forest-hunting will be continued for about a week previous to the regular hunting, when the meet will be advertised as on former occasions. Both hunters and hounds looked in capital fettle, and great praise is due to Mr. Frank Goodall and his whips for the manner in which they were turned out.

## Archery Notes.

WORCESTER ARCHERY SOCIETY.—A general meeting of this society was held, on Saturday, at the Star Hotel, Worcester. There were present, Mr. Vernon in the chair, Earl Beauchamp, Lord Hampton, Colonel Norbury, Major Vale, Mr. J. S. Isaac, Mr. J. R. Cooke, Mr. Brammell, Rev. T. King, Mr. Royds, Mr. Berkeley, Spetchley, Rev. C. J. Sale, Rev. F. Hopkinson, and the hon. sec., Mr. W. D. Deighton. The report for the past year was read and adopted. The following gentlemen were elected members of the committee:—Sir E. A. H. Lechmere, Bart., Colonel Norbury, and Mr. Berkeley, Spetchley, in place of Mr. Vernon, Rev. C. J. Sale, and Mr. Essington, who retire.

RICHMOND HAS ESTABLISHED A SKATING RINK in the Old Deer Park, on a portion of the Ground belonging to the Richmond Cricket, Football, and Athletic Clubs.

LORD AYLESFORD'S HORSES.—The racehorses, eighteen in number, six hunters, and three carriage horses, the property of the above nobleman, will be sold, without any reserve, on Wednesday in next week, at Newmarket.

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM AND SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY'S first ballot for the election of fellows was held on the 1st inst. Six hundred and thirty-two ladies and gentlemen came up for election, of whom 463 were duly elected, amongst whom may be named General Salusbury, C.B., Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart., Admiral Sir G. N. Broke Middleton, General Julius Raines, C.B., Mrs. William Gladstone, Lady Francis Conynham, Sir William Clayton, Bart., Dr. Arthur Farre, the Hon. Baillie Hamilton, M.P., William Newton, F.R.G.S., Sir Charles Palmer, Bart., Joseph Drew, LL.D., the Hon. Alexander Stewart, General Ramsay, Baron Leopold Rothschild, Rev. G. Randolph, Colonel The O'Leary, George Landseer, Esq., Rev. G. A. Salusbury, Professor Ella, Rev. Robert Neil, Julian Goldsmid, M.P., John Tremayne, M.P., J. Scott Bowerbank, LL.D., Baron Meyer Rothschild, M.P., Allen Bathurst, M.P., Rev. R. Mathews, Professor Owen, J. E. Millais, R.A., W. Calder Marshall, R.A., Lord Francis Conynham, M.P., R. Richardson Gardner, M.P., Mrs. Richardson Gardner, R. Redgrave, R.A., E. W. Cooke, R.A., Tom Taylor, Esq., the Earl of Dunraven, the Marquis of Exeter, the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse, Lady Sarah Anne Pollock, Harriet Countess of Morley, &c.

SEA-BATHERS and all exposed to the sun and dust should use Rowlands' Kalyder for dispersing all tan, sunburn, and freckles, and effectually beautifying the complexion; Rowlands' Macassar Oil, for preserving the hair and obviating all the baneful effects of salt water, sun, and dust on it; and Rowlands' Odonto, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums. Ask any Chemist for Rowlands' articles.—[Advrt.]

## OLLA PODRIDA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES will leave London en route for India next Monday. H.R.H. will start from Marlborough House shortly before eight p.m., and be driven to Charing Cross Station, whence a special train will convey him to Dover.

THE CASTALIA is to take the Prince from Dover to Calais on Monday night.

THE STAY OF THE PRINCE IN PARIS will be short enough. He will put up at the Hôtel Bristol, and depart for Turin on Wednesday evening next.

BRINDISI will be reached by the Prince of Wales, it is expected, on Saturday, the 16th inst., when the embarkation on board the *Serapis* will at once take place—that is, if the boilers of the *Serapis* be in good order.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS will remain in Athens two days (from the 18th to the 20th) on a visit to the King of Greece.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AT BOMBAY, whether he proceeds via the Suez Canal, is fixed for Nov. 9—H.R.H.'s thirty-fourth birthday.

THE SUITE OF THE PRINCE will include the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Suffield, Lord Aylsford, Lord Carington, Lord C. Beresford, Major-General Probyn, Colonel A. Ellis (Grenadier Guards), Mr. F. Knollys, Mr. Albert Grey, Colonel Duckworth, Captain Williams, Dr. Russell, and Dr. Fayre.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND will be obliged by important business to return to England before the conclusion of his Royal Highness's tour, and may be expected in London early next spring.

THE PARIS THEATRES offer sauce of the usual piquancy for the jaded appetite of the blasé English playgoer; and the traveller with only one night to spare in Paris, which will be the Prince's fate next week, may well be perplexed with the counter-attractions of *La Chatte Blanche* (the *Gaîté féerie*), *La Cagnotte*, and *Une Chambre à Deux Lits* at the Palais Royal, *La Jolie Parfumeuse* of Offenbach, and *La Dame aux Camélias* at the Gymnase.

DURING THE ABSENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA the Princess of Wales will visit Copenhagen.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES went to the Haymarket to see *Married in Haste* on Thursday.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH and suite honoured the Globe Theatre with their presence on Tuesday evening to witness Offenbach's opera of *The Brigands*.

THE MARRIAGE OF VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, son of the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lady Theresa, eldest daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, took place at Alton Towers on Saturday.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has hired the "Chasse" in the Forest of Compiègne, hitherto rented by Sir R. Wallace, M.P.

THE BALAKLAVA CHARGE.—Since the idea was mooted of assembling the survivors of the Balaklava charge at dinner on the 25th inst., the twenty-first anniversary of the event, only eighty have made their existence known to the committee. Of the "noble six hundred" 198 returned.

ACCIDENT TO THE DECCAN.—The P. and O. boat Deccan (having on board most of the London "specials" who are to describe the Prince's tour in India) lost her screw when forty miles east of Gibraltar. The *Pekin* will tow the Deccan from Gibraltar to Malta, and convey the passengers to Bombay.

M. HUMBERT, the lessee of the Brussels Alcazar, who has had so much success with the operettas of M. Lecocq, will bring out in the course of the winter *La Mandragore*, a new opera by M. Litoff.

M. VICTOR MORET is another composer of the Lecocq and Offenbach type well worthy the notice of M. Humbert, or even of any London manager enterprising enough to produce a fresh *opéra bouffe* by a new hand, with music of the liveliest and most melodious description.

MR. STEVE MASSETT (Jim Pipes, of Pipesville, of the California Press) gave his popular entertainment to a crowded and delighted auditory at Southampton on Wednesday last.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS will publish during the present month Mr. W. S. Gilbert's dramas, in which will be included his most popular pieces, *Pygmalion*, *Charity*, *The Wicked World*, *Palace of Truth*, *The Princess*, &c.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX has written, and Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will shortly publish, a work entitled "Celebrities I have known; with Episodes Political, Social, Sporting, and Theatrical."

MR. JAMES GREENWOOD's new volume, entitled "Low Life Deeps: an Account of the Strange Fish to be found there," will shortly be issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It will be illustrated in tint by Mr. Alfred Concanen, and will contain the story of the dog-and-dwarf fight, "re-told with much additional and confirmatory evidence."

THE *Sussex Daily News* understands that Mr. Freeman, the popular proprietor and excellent amateur "whip" of the coach running between London and Brighton by the Reigate and Crawley route, has expressed his determination to keep on the road until the second week in November.

It is stated that Mr. George Howell has retired from the post of secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress.

IN COMPLIANCE with a requisition signed by fifty-eight out of sixty-four members of the Town Council, Alderman Joseph Chamberlain, who has been for two successive years Mayor of Birmingham, has consented to be put in nomination for that office a third time.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that application is to be made for a music and dancing license for the Star and Garter at Richmond, under the title of the *Salle Ballantino*.—*The World*.

THE vacant chair of Greek in the Queen's College, Cork, has been given to Mr. Bolger, of Trinity College; the chair of *Materia Medica* to Dr. Mathias O'Keefe, a graduate of the Queen's University; and the chair of Anatomy and Physiology to Dr. Charles, of Queen's College, Belfast.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL will decidedly leave Arcenbergh for England on the 15th of the month.

MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON, the well-known artist, who goes out to India for the *Illustrated London News*, has started via Berlin and Potsdam, where he has had the honour of submitting to her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess a number of sketch-books filled during his former visit to India. Her Imperial Highness no doubt takes a lively interest in the Prince of Wales's intended tour; and Mr. Simpson's sketches, all done on the spot, many of them only rough, hasty jottings of figures in action, scraps of architecture, and notes of ceremonies of all kinds, are well calculated to convey a good notion of the country and its people.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE.—Great progress during the last three weeks has been made with the new opera-house on the Thames Embankment. Mr. Francis Fowler, the architect, has lately visited the great theatres on the Continent with the intention of introducing any new features which might add to the safety, comfort, or excellence of the new opera-house. Difficult as it may appear to believe in the practicability of such a feat, the architect and the contractor assert that the new National Opera-House can be ready for the opening performance on May 2 next, the day originally named.



FRENCH HOLIDAY SPORTS.  
FISHING.

We beg to introduce M. Masticot, rentier and disciple of Isaac Walton. He is an excellent specimen of the Frenchman who has inherited £200 a year from his father, and who, on the strength of it, has lived in serene idleness, useless to himself and to the community; yet he did not lack parts when he was younger, and, had he been born on the northern side of Dover Straits, might have cut himself out a fair career by emigrating to Australia or India. From fishing to emigration the distance is far, and the transition not easy; but when one sees a man devote eight hours a day to extracting gudgeons and roaches from their native element it is impossible not to moralise on the waste of time and human energy. A man like M. Masticot does not care to emigrate; why should he? He is one of a class so numerous that all social arrangements are adapted to provide him comfort. He has his cheap restaurants, cafés, and amusements; his small income allows him to live commodiously among friends no richer than himself, and he knows that he could in no other land obtain a tenth part of the well-being which he enjoys in France, even if he paid double for it.

Balzac has frequently described the sort of monomania which results from constant addiction to one pursuit. M. Masticot's brain seems to have been moulded in a fishing-can, and all the thoughts of his leisure moments centre on questions of angling. He owns a cottage and garden situated about a mile from the spot where the Seine and Marne blend their waters, and you have no sooner set foot in the garden than you are greeted with sights and odours which leave no doubt as to the favourite pursuit of the master. On the lawn, in full blaze of the sun, a piece of beef is decomposing and breeding grubs; further on some shiny worms are enjoying themselves in a potful of damp earth, nets of various dimensions are hanging on trees to dry, and on a bench in his porch sits M. Masticot making artificial flies with red silk and casting occasional glances at the "Angler's Almanack" on his knees. Ever and anon he lifts his eyes towards a barometer and thermometer, which might more properly be termed ichthyometers, for he consults them only to learn whether the winds and temperature are such as will induce the fish to rise. He is a great amateur of cloudy skies, rain, and sultry atmospheres; and if at evening he remarks that the heavens are grey he goes to bed with a light heart on the prospect of sallying forth at day-break in the midst of a beautiful drizzle. No dog would venture out of doors in such weather; but M. Masticot does not care, for he is clad from head to foot in waterproof. The landscape around him is bathed in a woolly haze, from out of which peep dimly here and there the pink tiles of country houses. The roads are like streams of yellow slush, and the meagre hedges which mark off the fields of beetroot from those of colza are soaked like sponges.

His "usual post," yes, and a long string of past adventures hangs by these words; for what regularity in attendance, what quarrels, rebuffs, and passionate declamations it has needed before M. Masticot could establish his right to fish always off the same spot. He prevailed at last, and became so imbued with the sense of his prerogative, that one day, finding his place occupied by a stranger who refused to decamp, he wished to give him into the custody of a passing gendarme for trespass. The gendarme listened to the complaint, and said to the stranger, "Why do you insist on destroying this gentleman's pleasure?" "Well, but I have as good right to fish here as he," answered the trespasser, and he went on to explain that the gendarme had no right to interfere with him for angling off one place rather than off another. "No," replied the gendarme, luminously; "but I can take you into custody for creating a disturbance, and I will if you don't move on." From that day M. Masticot was never put to inconvenience, and came as methodically to his place below the bridge as though it formed part of his own garden. It is a sequestered spot sheltered from the sun's rays on days when that vexatious luminary will persist in shining, and sheltered also in part from the rain, but only in part; for when there is a brisk downpour the water filters through the mouldering, disjointed planks of the wooden structure, and anoints M. Masticot and his two bridge companions with an uninterrupted dripdrop. Bouricot and Nigot are the names of M. Masticot's companions, and the three are supposed to be the best friends in the world, for they are always to be seen in one another's company, even when not handling the rod. Theirs, however, is a friendship made up of constant bickerings. They would get on much better if they were enemies, for then, at least, they would hold their tongues towards each other, except under provocation. No sooner has Masticot taken up his position than Nigot, a retired grocer, remarks, with a grin, that he sees Masticot is aging, for he can no longer tear himself away from bed as early as of yore; and Bouricot, late of the cattle trade, says, with a snigger, that had Masticot been an hour earlier, he would probably have landed the fine perch which has fallen to his (B's) lot. Masticot bites his lips and says, tartly, that if all the fish caught by Bouricot in a twelve-month were computed it would not amount to half that landed by himself in a month. Hereon Nigot lays a finger on his lips and says, "Hush! a bite." It is a palpitating moment. Nigot's red float is bobbing on the waters, and the three anglers lean forward, whilst a swift jerk of the rod sends glittering in mid-air a

stickleback one inch long. Nigot's two friends laugh derisively; but Nigot himself is delighted, and remarks that every little helps when a plateful of fried fish has to be provided. "Fried fish! you're always eating fried fish," grumbles Masticot. "It strikes me you lay night lines. The garde champêtre hauled one up from the river yesterday morning, and you'll get into trouble if you don't mind." Nigot turns a little pale, and grumbles something about "informers;" but Bouricot, who is exhilarated by his early capture of the perch, blurts out jocosely, "And you'll get into trouble, too, Masticot, with those osier-traps which you set in the river-bed. Do you think I didn't see you sink out of your cottage in the small hours the other day?" These friendly insinuations lead to a pretty wrangle, which is continued through the rain during three hours or so, and which ends with a resolute vow on the part of the three anglers never to speak to one another again. But such vows mean nothing, for the three are so accustomed to quarrel on politics, sport, literature, social topics, and on all subjects generally, that they would be seriously put out if anything led to a serious estrangement. So they go on, quietly grumbling, angling, envying one another their fish, and saying disagreeable things to one another, until craving nature summons them to breakfast at a neighbouring winery, when they take the fresh pleasure of quarrelling over the menu, then over the cookery, and lastly over the bill. Then they return each man to his post, and keep up an afternoon's conversation by means of barbed epigrams, varied occasionally by a salt joke at the expense of some passing peasant woman; and so the day wears on, until at evening each man counts up as his spoil a number of gudgeons or roaches varying from one to twelve. Then is the time to trudge triumphantly home and boast of the good day's enjoyment. An enjoyment perhaps it is, for there is no accounting for tastes.—*Daily News*.

SALE OF PRIZE FOWLS FROM LADY GWYDYR'S.—On Tuesday, at Shorten's Repository, Museum-street, Ipswich, Messrs. Sexton and Grimwade—under instructions from Mr. F. Wragg, Lady Gwydyr's noted poultry manager—brought to the hammer 200 cochins and brahma fowls, which were arranged and lotted principally in pairs, in one hundred cane baskets. As was to be anticipated, the birds did not all look to the best advantage, many being in the moult. Mr. Sexton, before proceeding with the sale, remarked upon the national and almost world-wide celebrity of Lady Gwydyr as a prize-fowl breeder and as a most successful exhibitor at all the shows in the United Kingdom. The following are the prices realised for some of the birds:—A splendid pair of buff pullets were secured by Mr. H. Bryant, of Whitton, for 32s., and a fine white cochin adult cock was knocked down to the Hon. and Rev. F. de Grey for £1. Lot 41, a pair of valuable cochins, after a keen competition, was purchased by the same gentleman for £2 12s.; and he also purchased lots 42, 43, and 44, which included a pair of milky-white Cochins pullets, of pure extraction, and cheap at 2gs, the price given. Lot 52, an adult black Cochin cock and hen, which took the second prize at the Oxford and Cambridge show, was a gift to Mr. Gretton for 12s. In the dark Brahma cocks and hens class, Mr. Melton did not allow a cock to escape, but became its purchaser at the low price of a sovereign. Lot 84 was another of the dark Brahma species, cockerel and pullet, and was bought by Mr. Field for 19s. Lot 91 consisted of a handsome pair of freckled-plumaged pullets, which went for 25s. to Mr. Bagshot. Lot 92, a pair similar in description, was bought by Mr. Lovely for 20s. Mr. Melton was the buyer in the same class of lots 94, 95, 96 and 97 for, respectively, 15s., 19s., 18s., and 14s. Dr. Holden became the owner of two light Brahma hens, imported from America, for 11s., and a pair of superior dark Brahma cocks, noble-looking birds, went to Mr. Melton for 25s. Amongst the other purchasers were the Rev. A. Bond, Mr. Rayner, Mr. John Wiggins, Mr. Holton, Mr. Cotton, Mr. Youngman, Mr. Hummible, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Cracknell, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Bumstead, Mr. Cornish, Mr. G. S. Clarke, and others.—*East Anglian Daily Times*.

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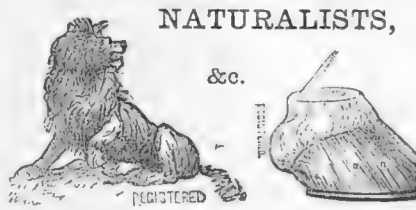
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**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—GREYHOUNDS.—On SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1875, will be SOLD by public AUCTION, without reserve, the property of F. R. Hemming, Esq., his whole KENNEL of GREYHOUNDS, including Peasant Boy, Pretender, Slate Dresser, Magenta, Belle of Holywell, Seaforth, and eight first season dogs. Full particulars in catalogues. W. and S. FREEMAN.

**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—WYCOMBE COACH HORSES.—On WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, the Horses, which have been working the Wycombe Coach. They are mostly young, well-bred Horses, showing much quality, and comprise several well-known Hunters, Hacks, and Harness Horses. Further particulars in Catalogues. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

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**ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.**—GREYHOUNDS.—On SATURDAY, OCT. 23, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, the property of David Jones, Esq., Conway, North Wales, who is returning to Australia, his entire KENNEL of TWENTY-FIVE valuable GREYHOUNDS, including stud dog, brood bitch, second and first season dogs, and puppies. On view Friday, Oct. 22, and until the sale. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

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The WOODSIDE PLATE (handicap) of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards; any winner after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 7lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund; five furlongs.

Mr. L. J. Doxat's Ashfield, aged.  
Mr. L. J. Doxat's br f Gladia, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Jno. Haraway's br h Baby, 6 yrs.  
Mr. J. Caffey's Julia Rose, 3 yrs.  
Mr. W. P. Greenall's Mexborough, 5 yrs.  
Mr. Chapman's f. by General Peel, out of Famine, 4 yrs.  
Mr. T. J. Clifford's Sir Hugh, 3 yrs.  
Mr. S. Evershed's May Boy, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Jesse Winfield's Banshee, 5 yrs.  
Mr. W. Kennedy's Plato, by The Duke out of Plantago, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Crook's Rouen, 6 yrs.  
Mr. Hughes's Temple View, 5 yrs.  
Mr. Ellerton's Ursula, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Ellerton's Challenger, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Ellerton's Miss Patrick, 4 yrs.  
Mr. A. Briggs's Hubert de Burgh, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Beadman's Poursuivant, 3 yrs.

The WELTER CUP (handicap), value 50 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, 2 ft. to the fund; any winner after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 7lb extra; gentlemen riders, as qualified by the Grand National Hunt Rules; professionals 5lb extra. One mile and a quarter. 12 subs.  
Mr. O. Dash's Rope Dancer, 5 yrs.  
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Mr. Tuckwell's Antidote, 3 yrs.  
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Mr. Vane's Marlow, 5 yrs.  
Mr. T. J. Clifford's Sir Hugh, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Trimmer's Laurier, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Jones's Folda, 5 yrs.  
Mr. Ellerton's Hestia, 3 yrs.  
Mr. C. Bush's Little Rover, 4 yrs.  
Captain Stirling's Whitebat, 4 yrs.  
Mr. A. Burwood's Peto, 6 yrs.

## SECOND DAY.

The CROYDON NURSERY STAKES (handicap) of 10 sovs each, for runners, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds; any winner of a race value 100 sovs after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 10lb extra; any other winner 5lb extra; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund. Five furlongs.  
Mr. T. Stevens's br c Instructor.  
Mr. Clayton's Tennyson.  
Lord St. Vincent's br f Mabel.  
Mr. J. Greenwood's Daisy.  
Mr. G. Crook's Knight of the Bath.  
Mr. Lowe's St. Swithin.  
Mr. J. Adams's Shakspeare.  
Mr. Trimmer's Hoya.  
Mr. Jesse Winfield's Mouse (Lolo).  
Mr. T. Hughes's Maria Theresa.  
Mr. J. Hughes's Laird of Glenorchy.  
Mr. Ellerton's Marcelle.  
Mr. S. Savage's Cowslip.  
Mr. E. Weever's Zillah.  
Sir W. Throckmorton's Transit.  
Mr. C. Bush's Crossbow.  
Captain Stirling's b f by Master Bagot out of Lady Wilde (Banshee's dam).  
Mr. W. F. Watson's Madcap.  
Mr. E. Brayley's Sea Lawyer.  
Mr. J. Percival's The Rhine.  
Mr. T. Cannon's ch f Receipted (h b).  
Mr. J. Duggan's f by Reconstitution out of Mincecat.  
Mr. J. Duggan's f by King John out of Grillage.  
Mr. T. Ansley's Benachan.  
Mr. T. Ansley's Water Lily.  
Mr. W. H. Harvey's Medora.  
The CORINTHIAN WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 2 ft. to the fund, with 50 added; gentlemen riders, as qualified by the Grand National Hunt Rules—professionals 5lb extra; any winner after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 5lb extra. Five furlongs. 20 subs.  
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Mr. W. Bevil's Vie Victis, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Jno. Haraway's br h Baby, 6 yrs.  
Mr. Jno. Teevan's Kilmore, aged.  
Mr. W. Riley's ch g Khedive, 6 yrs.  
Mr. T. J. Clifford's Sir Hugh, 3 yrs.  
Mr. S. Evershed's Lady Dayrell, 4 yrs.  
Mr. S. Evershed's Curtius, aged.  
Mr. Crook's Rouen, 6 yrs.  
Mr. Hayhoe's Sandown, 4 yrs.  
Mr. Hayhoe's f by Flash in the Pan—Juliet, 3 yrs.  
Mr. Ld Calthorpe's Zithern, by Cramond—Grisi, 4 yrs.  
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Mr. Ellerton's Miss Patrick, 4 yrs.  
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**CROYDON NOVEMBER STEEPLECHASES AND HURDLE RACES, 1875,** will take place on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, NOV. 30, and DEC. 1 and 2.

## Under the Grand National Rules.

The following stakes close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or the Clerk of the Course, on or before Tuesday, Oct. 25.

## FIRST DAY.

The Great Metropolitan Steeplechase of 25 sovs each, 10 ft., with 500 added; any winner of a handicap steeplechase value 100 sovs after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 10lb, of any other steeplechase, or of a hurdle-race value 100 sovs 5lb, or of two other steeplechases, 7lb extra; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake. Entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund, which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by noon the Thursday before running. About four miles.

## SECOND DAY.

The Grand National Handicap Hurdle Race of 20 sovs each, 10 ft., with 200 added; any winner of a handicap hurdle race value 100 sovs after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 10lb, any other winner, 5lb extra; the owner of the second horse to save his stake; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund, which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by noon on the Thursday before running. About two miles and a quarter, over nine flights of hurdles.

## THIRD DAY.

The first year of the Grand Steeplechase Challenge Cup, value 500 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft., with 100 sovs added each year from the Croydon Steeplechase Fund; any owner winning this race for three years in succession (not necessarily with the same horse, but such horse to have been his property for at least three months prior to the date of the race) to take possession of the Cup absolutely, but in that year not to receive the 100 sovs from the fund; the Cup to be held by the last winner from year to year, and security to be given for the return of the same in good condition, until the same owner has won it three consecutive years; the names of the successful owners and winners will be inscribed on the Cup each year; the race to be for four-year-olds, 11st; five, 12st; six and aged, 12st 7lb; any winner within two years of the date of running of the Liverpool Grand National, or of any steeplechase to which 500 sovs have been added, when carrying 11st or more, to carry 10lb, and any other winner of 500 sovs within that time 7lb extra; maiden five-year-olds and upwards allowed 5lb; three horses to start each year or the 100 sovs will be withheld. About four miles.

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MADAME PASCA.

FROM M. BONNAT'S PORTRAIT—IN THE PARIS SALON.



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No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

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## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

IT were devoutly to be wished that the Jockey Club, while setting their house in order and undertaking so vast a labour as a revision of the laws of racing, should recognise bettors and betting as coming within their province, and proceed to legislate thereon, to the great advantage of all concerned in speculation on the turf. While such an affinity exists between bets and stakes as we are told is the case, and while it is asserted, with abundant show of reason, that racing is inseparable from betting, it is surely somewhat of an anomaly that the leading turf tribunal, while it recognises the necessity of controlling the sport itself, should be content absolutely to ignore her "friendless and fallen sister." The committee of Tattersall's is a great power and most potent court of appeal "upon paper," and its decisions, as a rule, command the respect of turfites as a body; but their delay in deciding cases sent up for adjudication has become well-nigh as proverbial as that of a Chancery suit, and the frequent disputes arising in connection with wagers almost necessitate permanent sittings of the supreme court of appeal. It is not only inconvenient but also impolitic in the highest degree that disputes should remain undecided for weeks after the case has gone up before the committee, and that settlements should be so long delayed merely through the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient attendance to decide upon questions submitted to its judgment. Injustice is frequently done by means of vexatious postponements and delays; and it occasionally happens that the practice of racing clashes most inconveniently with the custom of betting. A door is opened for unlimited fraud on the part of those who raise some petty point in order either to gain time or to defy their creditors; and hence there arises an endless confusion of accounts which experience tells us should be settled as promptly as they are incurred, so as to have nothing outstanding for the next settling day.

As regards the relations between our leading sportsmen and the more prominent members of the ring, perhaps the machinery for regulating betting may be said to work smoothly and easily enough, and accounts on both sides are generally forthcoming with the same punctiliousness and regularity which attends the ordinary course of business in commercial circles. We hear less of failures to meet liabilities on both sides than in the era of reckless gambling, and we are inclined to believe in the almost stereotyped

report of the settling having passed off satisfactorily. In these days, when layers so far outnumber backers as to make the latter look keenly after the main chance, it is easy enough for members of the Jockey Club and leading sportsmen of the day to make their investments without fear of a failure on the part of fielders to bring matters to a prompt settlement. But it is vastly otherwise with the general body of backers, who may be said to constitute the backbone of sport, and without whose assistance clerks of courses would soon find their occupation gone. While a safe market can readily be found by investors desirous of supporting their fancies for a "pony" or "monkey," the individual with a modest fiver in hand not unfrequently falls a prey to that army of cormorants which hangs upon the skirts of the battle to prey upon the feeble and unwary, and fails to obtain redress for the simple reason that it is nobody's business to interfere with the sharks and kites infesting our troubled waters of the turf, and ever hovering in its disturbed atmosphere. The generation of welshers flourishes, root and branch, knowing that the supreme governing body takes no cognizance of betting, and that all threats of excommunication levelled against wrongdoers are mere empty menaces. The gods sit beside their nectar, and hurl their bolts against malpractices in racing; but they heed not the complaints of an "ill-used race of men" against the harpies which regard them in the light of lawful prey, and travel with impunity from one meeting to another, deriving a luxurious subsistence from the credulity of their fellow-men. It is these dangerous classes which bring discredit on racing and cause philippics from the "unco guid" to be launched against a sport which, if legitimately pursued, could soon afford to despise its many detractors. Why should not the Jockey Club, as men of common sense and desirous of elevating the pastime over the destinies of which they preside, take a common-sense view of the case and legislate according to its necessities? We must all be agreed by this time as to the impossibility of stamping out betting like the cholera or the cattle plague, and all efforts in the direction of "putting it down" have been found ridiculous as well as abortive. Seeing, then, that speculation is, so to speak, a necessary evil, why not at once "accept the situation" and endeavour to regulate and control what we cannot suppress? By looking an evil (if betting be an evil) in the face, half its imaginary terrors will fade away, and it will be more clearly seen how to bend to our will this hitherto untameable wild beast. It is of no use declaiming against that which we cannot hope to annihilate; but a great deal of good may be done by so controlling it that the least possible harm may result to those who cannot be persuaded to desist from indulging in their favourite weakness. Add to this, if betting were duly recognised and regulated, half its charm would be lost to that weak and vain body of speculators who at present bet merely because they consider it "the thing," and for the very reason that there is a smack of the unlawful about it. Mystery and secrecy are pleasing to low understandings; but the moment betting is divested of these attributes, and becomes a mere everyday ordinary transaction, all the "glamour" connected with its pursuit fades hopelessly away.

We can see no reason whatever why bookmakers should not be registered and licensed, drawing their diplomas of solvency and respectability from the Jockey Club, which would of course hold the power of suspension or removal from its list upon any proved case of attempted fraud or misconduct. A vast deal of "outside" rubbish would be swept away by this means, and welshers would soon find their occupation seriously diminished, if not altogether taken away. The more respectable among the book-making community would be the gainers by some such arrangement as we have suggested, inasmuch as more money would be turned into legitimate channels; and, above all, the reproach would be taken away of their being reckoned among the ranks of the welshing fraternity. As matters stand at present, solvent and respectable individuals (of whom, we are glad to say, there is no scarcity) are compelled to have their fair fame and reputation sullied by contact with a low scum which not unfrequently trades upon their names and brings betting into undeserved disrepute. The enemies of the turf, in their anxiety to degrade it in the eyes of their countrymen, naturally take these veritable "swine" as types of their class and hold them up to public execration as representatives of a vicious system which stands in need of immediate abolition. By taking cognizance of betting, and by controlling its practice, the Jockey Club will be benefiting the sport over which they preside, as well as the million, who are induced by the example of those in high places to speculate according to their means. The public are encouraged to assist at racing all over the country for the sake of the handsome sums they contribute to swell the various prizes offered to racing-men; therefore it behoves the "conscript fathers" of the turf to see that the interests of their clients are duly protected, and to put down all malpractices in betting circles with a high hand.

## MADAME PASCA.

The playgoer who attended the French plays at the Princess's Theatre during the summer season of last year cannot fail to have a vivid recollection of the Parisian actress who performed with so much tragic power in *La Fiammina*. Cold, white, statuesque, Madame Pasca enacted to the life the heartless heroine of the demi-monde. There were an artistic ease and reserve of strength in the impersonation that made her great outburst of passion all the more telling. The calm and composure of this eminent French actress were most faithfully represented in the portrait of Madame Pasca, exhibited this year in the Paris Salon. Nature seemed literally mirrored on the canvas of M. Bonnat, whose life-like painting was deservedly one of the most admired in the Salon. So skilfully has M. Bocourt copied this masterly portrait, and so well has M. L. Chapon engraved the drawing, that our illustration of Madame Pasca may be regarded as no unworthy replica in black and white of M. Bonnat's painting.

BLACK PRINCE.—After the victory of this horse in the Anglesey Welter Plate at Lichfield, on Tuesday, he was sold to Mr. J. Goodwin for 100gs.

## FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

## No. XL.—WARRIOR.

"I'm glad to see so many greys about," said a Yorkshireman, as he stood watching some of Lord Scarborough's young Strathconans walking round the ring, "there was plenty good horses of that colour years ago, and soon they'll be the fashion again." Sooth to say, Strathconan has made his mark in the North; and it only remains for the South to follow suit with the subject of this notice, who is to the full as well-bred and as good looking as Squire Watt's gallant grey, over whose Dery and St. Leger chances the Richmond folks went crazy in Lord Lyon's year. Despite modern prejudices against the colour, we have generally had something either in training or at the stud to keep up family traditions; and, though the great races of the year have as yet been denied to the grey brotherhood, we can point to such shining lights as Grey Momus and Chanticleer in times gone by, while Northern Light, Warrior, and Strathconan carry us along to the times when Oxford Mixtur and Strathavon hold their own among the better class of handicap horses, with Lucy Hawk to take up the running among the rising generation. Mr. Cookson may be said to have broken through popular prejudice with his Grey Palmer in the Neasham lot of 1872, and since that time fewer have hung heavily on hand; indeed, the last few years have witnessed quite a revival movement in favour of the greys, with Strathconan and Warrior as the Moody and Sankey of the mission. The Frenchman still abjures all connection with horses of that "pale cast;" but then his objection lies more in the direction of the animal as an article of food than as an instrument of gaming, so that we need take no alarm at such eccentric fancies. Warrior, foaled in 1861, was bred by the late Lord Derby and got by King Tom, out of Woodnymph, by Longbow out of Mrs. Gill, by Viator out of Lady Fractious, by Comus. He was the second foal of his dam, described as a grey or roan mare, and herself a daughter of Mrs. Gill, the dam of King of Trumps and other good horses. Longbow (by Ithuriel, a son of old Touchstone) was a horse of immense speed, though a bad roarer, and famous in Whitewall annals as the first "examiner" of the young West Australian. Warrior gets his grey colour from his great-grand sire Viator, who was got by Stumps out of Katherine by Soothsayer; and many of this same Stumps family have marked their descendants after the same fashion. More than one of Woodnymph's progeny have shown their ability to race, notably Dryad and Capsicum by Cape Flyaway; but the mare never threw anything quite first class. For some reason or another, Warrior either did not go up with the Knowsley lot under Tim Forshaw's charge to Doncaster in 1862, or was disposed of privately during the race week, as we find no mention of him in Lord Derby's yearling string, which averaged over 500gs that year, and included Forager and sister to Lady Augusta. However this may be, we find him the property of Captain Christie, and nominated for most of his engagements by that gentleman, who at that time was better known on the turf than at present, and owned Horror and a few other useful horses. These were under Wadlow's care, at Stanton, and thither the youthful Warrior was duly sent to be put through his facings, before "taking silk," in the shape of the white jacket and cap which accorded so well with his own ghostly appearance.

The grey's first appearance in public was delayed until his three-year-old season, when he bore the white jacket of Captain Christie and the "Demon" to victory over the Ditch Mile against Precolla and Isca by eight lengths. As an unusual circumstance in connection with Fordham's mounts, Warrior had "no price" at starting. And the same may be said of him on his next public appearance in the Derby, when Jimmy Grimshaw was his pilot; and we have in our possession a photograph of the start on the memorable occasion of Blair Athol's victory, where the grey horse and white jacket stand out in ghostly relief from the thirty. Taking only his most notable performances into account, we must hasten on to Oxford, where he won the County Members' Plate, with Grimshaw in the saddle, and at the "back end" he scored three victories off the reel, winning a handicap at Worcester, the Aintree Plate at Liverpool, and the Abbey Handicap at Shrewsbury, under the same pilotage as before, besides "running up" for two other races, having been out sixteen times in 1864. Next year we find fourteen references to his name in the *Calendar*, of which five are brackets. He began work by beating such speedy cattle as Gemma and Catalogue over the T.Y.C. at Newmarket, with none the best of the weights, under the guidance of Lynch, and then Fordham took him in hand once again for the Epsom Town Plate on Gladiateur's Derby Day, when again Warrior won easily. At Stamford he won the Welter Cup from Red Earl and Tippler, besides carrying off the Trial Plate at Huntingdon and another Welter at Egham, Mr. Dixon being his amateur assistant in most races of that class. Next year he was stripped fourteen times, his best performances being a win in the Waterloo Plate at Epsom Spring, with Arthur Edwards up, and second to Applecross over the same ground in the summer for the Brighton Cup, and a win in that time-honoured feature of the Derby Day, the Bentinck Plate. At Stamford, over his favourite three quarters of a mile, and in the hands of that remarkable lad Master Sammy Adams, he ran second to Trapeze, with a lot of fast ones behind him, and, carrying top weight, beat in a canter Gem of the Sea, Vespasian, and Kingsley over the T.Y.C. at Newmarket First October. He was out but once in '69, and unplaced to Paris in a Plate at Newmarket; but in the following year the veteran, now nearly white, came out like a giant refreshed; and, though he ran with indifferent success, managed to get second to an own brother to Vedette in the Princess of Wales' Plate at Oxford, and retired at the end of the season, having competed on five occasions. We should have said that Warrior, after a year or two's service with Captain Christie, changed hands, and came into the possession of Mr. T. Hughes, of Epsom, so remarkable for his fondness for "old ones" and the designer of the great coup at Chester with the so-called "yearling," Flash in the Pan. Mr. Hughes found the grey a very useful member of his stable, and he was scarcely ever out of harness, taking kindly to his work and making himself generally useful both at home and abroad. When his racing days were over he was transferred to the care of Dr. Shorthouse, of Carshalton, always one of his most consistent admirers, and was forthwith lent to or hired by the enterprising and enthusiastic Mr. Pishey Smith, of Boston, in Lincolnshire, who has had many good horses in his time, and is never happy without a "bit of blood" in his stable. At Boston Warrior did well with hunting stock and fairly well with thoroughbred mares, considering that his chances were not of the most brilliant character, as must ever be the case with stallions permitted to form alliances outside the pale of the "Stud-Book." Last year, having left Mr. Smith's hospitable quarters some time since, he came up for sale to Albert-gate, looking more like an animated five-barred gate than a stallion in the prime of life, and so poor and out of condition that many absolutely started with horror upon entering his box, thinking that they were encountering the veritable pale horse of King Death himself. So weak and melancholy



did he look that no one would raise a bid for this shadow of departed glory, until Mr. Tattersall took pity on his low estate and knocked him down to himself for *twenty pounds*. He half repented him of his bargain next day, when he found he could scarcely get the grey home; but patience and food did wonders, and at last, by easy stages, like Cardinal Wolsey, he came to Highfield, and got round by degrees, until "Richard was himself again" once more. He filled himself with the good things of this life, like a jockey having his fling after a long season of wasting, and so great an alteration was achieved in six weeks' time that numerous inquiries as to his price were made to Mr. Tattersall by people who thought that he might be had as great a bargain as in the days when he came back lean and hungry, like the prodigal son. Had not the foreigners disliked his colour he would most probably have crossed the Channel, for there never was so taking a horse, either in the stable or out of it, and had Sir Edwin Landseer been alive he would most assuredly have found a place for him in some of his studies of animal life. Any one desirous of modelling the "noble animal" from life, could not do better than study the lines of Warrior, whose description we annex as a pendant to the spirited sketch of our artist.

Warrior is now a pure white horse, standing upwards of sixteen hands high, and with much of the Arab character about him. More especially about his head does he bear a resemblance to the "desert born," his eye being large, generous, and expressive, and set in a beautifully-shaped head, tapering to a fine black muzzle, and his ears carried in that deer-like fashion so characteristic of high birth in the equine kingdom. His neck is wonderfully massive and muscular, just sufficiently arched to give character to as fine a "top" as ever was put on a horse. His shoulders are long and well laid, his back straight and strong, with back ribs well arched, and magnificent quarters ending in one of the most superb "caudal appendages" ever seen, long, bushy, flowing, and of the consistency of the finest spun silk. If he shows deficiency anywhere it is about his arms and thighs, which are inclined to be lightish; but he has short cannon-bones, hocks well let down, and a capital set of feet. His action in all paces is not to be surpassed; but it can be best appreciated when, with the lunging-rein, he is made to trot round in a circle. With his shapely head, beautifully-arched neck, knees bent, and hocks brought well under him, he is then a perfect picture, and looks equally adapted to any capacity in life, from the high-mettled racer to the high-stepping trapper. Sires of this stamp must be invaluable for improving the breed of horses in country districts, whither we wonder he has not been spirited away long ago. We advise those on the look-out for a really useful horse to take stock of him where he stands at Highfield, and if they find our description of him in any degree over-coloured we will confess that we do not know a horse from a hayseed, and burn our books forthwith.

### TOM SPRING'S BACK PARLOUR.

(Abridged from "Baily's Magazine" for October.)

I HOPE I shall not get a reputation for being a pothouse snob because I turn up again in a tavern parlour. Last month I was smoking a pipe with Fuller Pilch at the Saracen's Head; now I invite the readers of *Baily* to come into Tom Spring's private parlour. In the month of February, 1842, I was launched into the little village of London. I fancy my candour proved my death-warrant, for on paterfamilias suggesting the propriety of my commencing a profession at the age of eighteen off, my reply was, "Let me have six months more, Sir, at school, or I shall miss playing in the Lord's eleven again this summer." Paterfamilias was wise, and foresaw that my mind was on athletics more than on work, and I am sure he was right. When started in a place of business I was in doubt where to go for my luncheon, for I was utterly green to London, when a name on a lamp close to Gray's Inn gateway caught my eye. That name was "Tom Spring."

Two or three things to my uneducated mind seemed impossible; one was that any men could really have seen the Derby and have lived, or have spoken to such men as Tom Spring, or Peter Crawley, or Tom Cribb—more impossible still to realise—and have walked about afterwards as ordinary citizens. I pictured to myself a prize-fighter as a ruffian who lived on nearly raw meat, knocked everyone down who contradicted him, and out of whose mouth curses and ribaldry proceeded, and into whose mouth went nothing but brandy. However, curiosity overcame my scruples, and I walked up the passage into the Castle in Holborn, and found myself in a very comfortable bar, behind which stood a tall, broad-shouldered man, who looked a very well-to-do Baptist minister, minus the hypocritical smile which some of those gentlemen assume—an oily, unctuous, cold, untoasted muffin expression. He must have been nearly six feet high, if not quite, and boasted a pair of very broad shoulders. His hair was getting slightly grizzled, as were his whiskers, which were bushy; but I never shall forget his eyes. If I remember rightly, his eyes were rather far apart; and in speaking a kind of frown, which was not an angry frown, seemed to come over his face and wrinkled his forehead a little. His nose was disarranged from the aquiline somewhat, as most of the P.R. heroes experienced. He had a nice voice and a frank, open manner, which stamped him as one of nature's gentlemen. He was dressed in an evening black suit, though it was early in the afternoon—for he always dressed for dinner—and wore a white neckcloth, and a brooch with some hair in it in his shirt-frill, and his boots were polished in a manner such as I never saw surpassed, except by the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell; and it was enough to raise the envy of Beau Brummel to have seen old Dan's boots.

I stood looking at him in blank amazement, and I thought to myself, "Can this man be Tom Spring, the great prize-fighter?" Spring looked at me, and said, with a smile, "Well, young gentleman, what are you staring at?" My answer was, "Are you really Tom Spring?" "Well, I was Tom Spring this morning," he said, "and I suppose I am now."

Having made known my wants, which were some bread and cheese and a glass of stout, Spring summoned his niece from the back parlour, which opened out of the bar, and my luncheon was placed on the counter. Now for Tom Spring's niece—I never knew her name, except that she was called "Mrs. B." She was a widow, of very considerable dimensions, of about forty years of age, fresh-coloured, with a pair of arms from which I should have been very sorry to have received a "one two." An active little curly-headed waiter, named Hickman (a relative of the celebrated gas-man), and a potboy, Joe Phelps (brother to Brighton Bill), completed the establishment, so far as the outer world could see; and a very quiet, orderly household it was.

I used to go daily for my luncheon, and, after a little while, I was invited into the sanctum; but I never smoked a pipe in Spring's parlour, for, if I remember rightly, smoking was not allowed in the daytime in the front bar, and never in the private parlour.

The Castle was a quiet, cosy place, well removed from Holborn by a long passage, and there was a homely appearance about it all. There was generally a well-to-do cat

snoozing in the sun, and a bird hanging up in his cage, who drew his own water with a little bucket and chain, and a thrush or blackbird singing, and frequently some flowers. In fact, nothing could be less like a prize-fighter's home.

Spring christened me "young gentleman," and I christened him "governor," and I can honestly say, at this distance of time, I look back with gratitude to his kindness to me. London at the time I am speaking of was at about its very worst. There were few railways to get out by, no Saturday half-holidays, no cricket-ground but Lord's, no volunteers, few boating clubs, and every kind of blackguardism was put under one's very nose by day and by night. The Tom and Jerry days were not extinct. Most of the supper-rooms and the upper boxes of the theatres were a disgrace to a civilised country, and peopled with as delicate an assembly of the softer sex (?) as the stage is now too often peopled with, to the delectation of audiences who are delighted with semi-nudity and low slang; and "fast life" meant going to the devil, and ruin of health and happiness. Bachelor life in chambers and in lodgings consisted much of card-playing and drinking hard; and a large majority of youngsters, after a short stay in London, got quite tired of ladies' society.

Now, I remember Old Tom's first "paternal." I went for my usual luncheon earlier than customary, and, instead of my pint of stout, wanted some cold brandy-and-water. He took me into his sanctum, and said,

"Look here, young gentleman, you will go to the dogs if you drink brandy-and-water at this time of day, and under twenty years of age, too, and I don't mean you to go to the dogs." And then he told me that he never drank before dinner, and never had a glass of anything in the bar unless his niece was there and took the money; "for," he said, "whether the money comes back into a man's pocket again or not, the act of taking his money out and paying for his drink makes him think twice; and many a time I say to myself, 'Spring, you worked hard for that money, keep it in your pocket.'"

If Spring's lectures about card-playing, gambling, and other evils could all be remembered they would do young England good in these days when so many foolish boys who get afloat in the world are ruining themselves with brandy-and-soda, pool-playing, and betting; and I feel certain that I owe it to Tom Spring's advice that I never won or lost a sovereign at cards in my life.

"Well, governor," I said to him sometimes, "why do you bet yourself?"

Spring used to shake his head and say, "You mind what the parson said—'You do as I say; don't do what I do.' The fact is that when I used to fight I carried hundreds and thousands of other people's money; and when I had it I used to put on some of my own; and I suppose what is bred in the bone must come out in the flesh. And then I am very fond of a horse, and I do like to back my fancy sometimes, and to back a man, too, when he is a good one."

"Now tell me about fighting and training, and what your experience was?"

"Well, young gentleman, now I will tell you all about it. Training was very hard work, unless you had the luck to have a very cheerful trainer. The first feeling of having nothing to do and a good job in hand was very pleasant, particularly when you got over the stage when a man did not know what thirst was, and health and strength were coming every day; but the hard work was when you felt fit to fight twenty men and the day was two or three weeks off; and then sometimes I could see my trainer was fidgety, and I fancied that my backers might be fidgety too, and I would get suspicious, and would think they were keeping my friends away from me, or that too many people came to see me, and were writing about me in the papers; in fact, it was a terrible trial of temper and patience; and when the time really did come, and I threw my hat into the ring, and saw my colours tied to the stakes, it seemed like taking a ton weight off my mind, and I would not have changed places with the King of England."

"Well, can you remember the rounds now, as I can remember hits and catches of cricket-matches years ago?"

"Most of them; for, you see, when a man fights he sees nothing of the crowd round him, but his whole attention is on his opponent's face; and, thinking over fights, I can see now when I missed finishing a man off, or when I was open, and he never took advantage of it. Now, about the pain. A heavy body blow or a bad fall must always tell, and hands will suffer; but the head blows weren't much at the time, when a man's in training and his blood up—except, of course, behind the ear or parts like that—any more than a hard blow on the leg, which would make a man dance for a week in cold blood, hurts a cricketer in the summer. You may depend upon it, that the greatest pain to a good man is to find that he has lost, and that they have given in for him. A man feels down and done for. All his trouble is thrown away, and he fancies that he may have lost his friends too; but if he happens to win, no matter how much he may have been punished, he feels fit to jump over the moon."

"Well, now, what do you think of the ring now? Is it better or worse?"

"What I think of it now is this: London is larger and more accessible than it used to be. There always were black sheep in the ring, and now there are more black sheep than there were. Lots of men manage to get a fight or so, and call themselves fighting men, and set up low ginshops and make small matches, when 'win, tie, or wrangle' seems to be the motto. Mr. Jackson was trusted by the highest in the land to arrange what we called 'prize battles' when I first began, and any fight with a lot of noblemen behind Mr. Jackson was pretty sure to be square; and if a young man really could fight and did not show the white feather, he might make his way if he took care what company he went into; but, if he was ever seen in company with blacklegs, he was marked."

"The worst of the ring was that, when a man had a house and wanted to make money quickly, he would keep a kind of raree-shop, and sell any poison to anyone who would come and drink it, and then he generally went into the trap himself and drank himself out, and lost his license, and ended worse than he began. The grand secret is to keep a good name and keep your friends. Why, all kind of gentlemen come in here at Derby time or Cattle Show week, and those times—sometimes a lord or a baronet, or old country gentleman who saw me fight my early battles, perhaps, many of them twenty years older than I am—and they treat me like a man, and come for old acquaintance sake; but I don't care for your swaggering betting men, half gentlemen, half, or more than half, rogues. Some of the sporting publicans will let any one of these fellows pat them on the back, and call them 'Bill,' or 'Jack,' or 'Tom,' and think that their sixpennyworth of brandy-and-water is a great consideration. I wouldn't give sixpence for the whole gang. This is my house, and I am landlord, and I choose my own company."

I once saw Spring settle a snob, and I once saw him settle a bully. The first occasion was when a short, stout, brandy-and-water faced, dirty-nailed, hot-handed cad, with a sky-blue satin neckcloth, with a waterfowl to ditto, illuminated with a large pin, the device of which was a pair of silver spurs, and wearing no collar, came in, and, holding out his black hand, on the little finger of which glistened a diamond ring, exclaimed,

"Tom, how are you, old fellow? How am I to go to Chatham races and the fight, too, on the same day?" The man winked, as much as to say, "Look, my fine fellows, what a sportsman I am."

Spring put his hands quietly behind his back, and answered, "When did you ever know me well enough to call me 'Tom'?"

It was a floorer. The man had never seen him before in any private company. The look which Spring gave him settled him, and he walked quickly out, muttering, and got into a flash dog-cart and vanished.

The other occasion was when a drunken soldier, one of the Foot Guards, came in and wanted something to drink. Mrs. B., the big niece, told him, very good-humouredly, that he had better go to his barracks, as he had had enough. Whereupon the soldier came out with a dreadful oath and called her a horrible name.

Spring came out of his parlour with his hair almost on end. I never saw him angry before. He let fly at the soldier in words somewhat warmly, and the soldier said that if Spring had been a younger man he would have knocked him down; and he began to take his belt off, like a coward. In a much shorter time than I can write three words of this, Spring was round the bar, and there was such a curious conglomeration of a red coat and a black coat twisting round and round down the passage into Holborn that it had the effect of Chinese fireworks, which are produced by constant change of colour revolving; and, to my delight, I saw Spring's right foot applied as a finisher as he kicked the man into the street. In a minute or two his good-humour returned, and he got his wind again. "There," he said, "I would serve a whole regiment such as that blackguard so, one at a time, or two, if they wished it. That fellow fight! Why, my niece could beat him."

"That I could, uncle," said Mrs. B.; "and should like the job too."

Spring was a very industrious man, and was always busy in the morning, sometimes in a white smock-frock, when he was arranging his cellar. He enjoyed life thoroughly, because he never was a cockney. He knew a good horse, or dog, or gamecock, especially a good beast, and was a good judge of farming. I met him at the Cattle Show once, amongst the Herefordshire shorthorns (Herefordshire being his county), and I was immensely pleased to see how his countrymen welcomed him. Top-booted, sturdy farmers and graziers and their daughters crowded round him; and his opinion—particularly as he was originally apprenticed to a butcher—was cordially asked for. He was also very fond of a day's shooting, and I can record what I heard from a country gentleman, who had some very fine preserves in Hampshire, and who let his shooting one year, owing to the absence of his sons, of a trait in Tom Spring's character. My host told me that he was horrified to hear from his head keeper that the gentleman who had hired his shooting had invited Tom Spring and Frank Redmond, the prize-fighters, and that he, of course, expected wholesale slaughter and every kind of poaching. He also told me of his surprise when he received a letter from Tom Spring apologising for having accidentally shot a hen pheasant (hens being held sacred in January), and saying that he had fined himself half a guinea for his mistake, and had paid it to the keeper.

I never shall forget an eccentric picture which I saw once in the old back parlour. I had been away for a few days, and read in the paper that Spring's eldest son had died very suddenly. I at once started for Spring's; and Mrs. B. told me that the governor was sitting alone, and very bad indeed. I went in to see him, and I could not help laughing, and so did he afterwards, for he was sobbing audibly, with the tears running down his eyes, and *trimming a gamecock for Peter Crawley*.

It was about the year 1845 or 1846, I think, that a new visitor was found at the Castle, as old Tom Cribb paid Spring a very long visit. It was to me like talking to a man from the dead; for if Spring was to me one of the heroes of the past, what was Tom Cribb?—antediluvian, at least. Cribb always occupied an easy-chair near the fire; and I had from his own lips the accounts of his first fights, and of his two fights with Molyneux, the black.

Cribb told me that where he first worked, when a youngster of about eighteen, he was bullied and "set upon"—I think it was in a coal-wharf. Anyhow, the oppression became so terrible that he could stand it no longer, and he picked out three of the worst bullies, and matched himself to fight them one after another, and—

"God forgive me," said Cribb, who was about seventy-four when I first knew him, "it was on a Sunday morning; but I did a good Sunday morning's work, and polished them off at five shillings a man."

Cribb was Spring's second when he fought Langan, and told me all about that fight, as, in the words of *Bell's Life*, "Cribb had promised to pick up Spring." Anyone can read the account of Spring and Langan's fights in *Bell's Life* for 1824, and tremendous fights they must have been; but to show how the old school stuck to one another, Spring, a few days after the twentieth anniversary of that fight, gave me a liqueur glass of neat whisky from a keg which Jack Langan—who became a prosperous man in the whisky trade—had sent to him as a token of respect and affection, and in memory of the fight.

Tom Cribb, who had taken his farewell benefit in 1822, appeared once more in the ring in 1845 or 1846, I think, when in his seventy-fourth year, at his own benefit at the Westminster Baths, and put on the gloves with old Tom Oliver. It was a tremendous crush; and, of course, the old man could not spar, but he just showed us the old guard with his right hand, within a few inches of his face, about the level of his eyes, and his left hand advanced a little before it and a few inches higher. It is impossible to exaggerate the wonderful reception which he received from people of all classes.

A host of good men sparred on that evening, Spring included, who looked like a gentleman; in his black trousers, well-polished boots, and close-fitting white jersey. About that time there were a great many good men who could really spar, and did spar with a good deal of fire—Owen Swift, Hannan, the two Broomes, Bendigo, Johnny Walker, Hayes, Keen, Phelps, Young Reed, Alec Reid, Ben Caunt, and others. Peter Crawley, Spring, Jem Burn, and Jem Ward often appeared amongst the veterans; and there were two of the minor lights who were too delighted to show anywhere and at all times—Porky Clark and Jacko—who were further removed from the Adonis type than any two bipeds whom I ever saw; but when they did put on the gloves they hammered one another as if their lives depended on it.

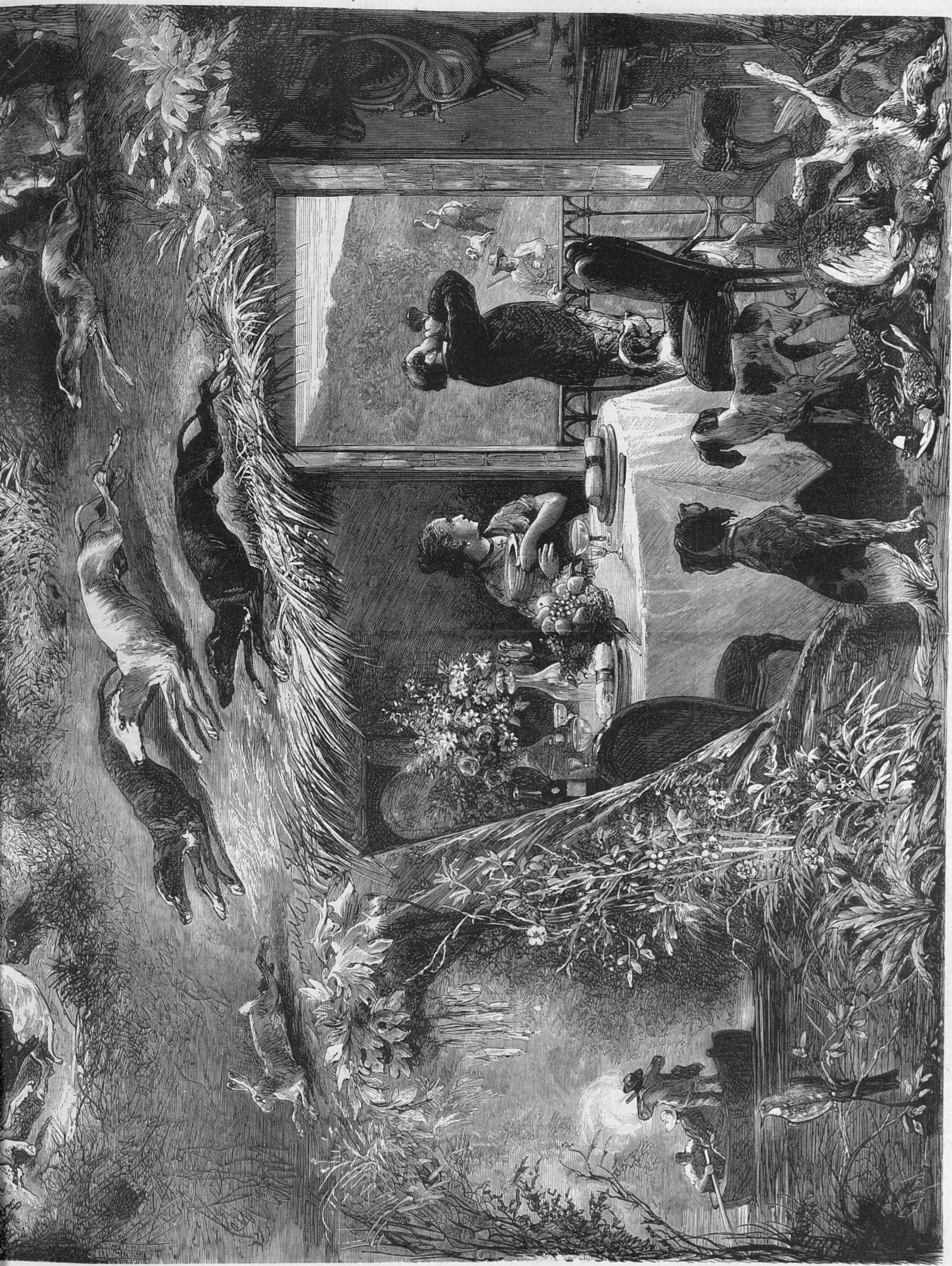
The master of the ceremonies at the grand benefits, Jem Turner, the D'Orsay of the ring (as he was called in *Bell*), was a host in himself, and if he had been educated would have made a splendid low-comedian, as he had a most astonishing flow of ready wit.

When Caunt and Bendigo were induced to meet some time after their fight, in which the Nottingham Lambs smashed the ring, and which Caunt lost by a foul blow, according to the referee's decision, there was bad blood between them. The two sparred in fighting costume—I think at Tom Cribb's benefit—and party spirit ran high amongst the spectators.









SPORT IN SPAIN.—FROM A DRAWING BY DANIEL PEREA.



Jem Turner introduced them: "Ben Caunt, gentlemen; Bendigo, gentlemen; both champions of England. No applause, gentlemen. Mum as oysters, gentlemen. If you please—time!" That was something like a set-to, and Bendigo gave Caunt a regular hammering, and hit him just as he pleased.

I went to many benefits with Spring, or by his advice, at the Westminster Baths and elsewhere, but I never but once went to a fight, as it was very expensive work in the first place, and very rough work, as a rule, in the second. The fight I saw was between Keen and Grant, and I met Spring on the ground by appointment, and I certainly would go a hundred miles to-morrow to see it over again. The fight took place in the autumn of 1849, on the borders of Hants and Surrey. Spring told me that it was sure to be a good fight, as he knew that the money was found by men in the Household Brigade, who could afford it, and that strict orders had been given by both sides to take either man away if fairly licked. I can recall every incident of that day as if it occurred yesterday. The arrangements were perfect, and a special way-in at the railway station was reserved for the excursionists; and the police made no bones about it, but kept on calling out, "This way for the fight, gentlemen, this way for the fight—two pounds and a pound." A poor old lady, a venerable third-classer, made a mistake and thought she was going to Portsmouth, and it was only discovered just in time. I was in a second-class carriage, full of old ring-goers, and was amused to see the enthusiasm with which they recorded past battles. One old gentleman in top and corduroys and a large mackintosh and low-crowned hat (who need not have informed us that he was a cowkeeper, as there was an aroma about him which disclosed the fact), who had seen one of the men every morning during his training, and supplied him with new milk, was very enthusiastic about his performances.

We had a funny scene at Woking, where the train stopped, and a number of the constabulary were drawn up and announced that they had a warrant to arrest the men; on which Old Bishop, the gun-maker of Bond-street, explained that it was a private train, and that he had come down with a party "to consecrate a church." After much parleying and delay the police were allowed to get into an empty carriage at the end, and after they had been run out a hundred yards the train was backed and the bobbies' carriage was uncoupled, and they were left lamenting.

It was a splendid autumn day, and the scene of the fight was in the heather country in that part of Surrey which so strongly resembles Scotland and Ireland. It was a pretty sight to see the crowd dotted about. If I remember rightly, the commissariat was highly praised in the sporting papers. All I can say is that, in the company of many peers, Guardsmen, members of Parliament, and frequenters of the best London clubs, who, like myself, were half famished, I made one in consuming what appeared to be half-raw horse, which probably had been killed that morning, eaten with the crummiest new bread and no salt, and washed down with some brandy-and-water, which ought to have killed us all on the spot.

Just before the fight commenced a startling event occurred. A gentleman on a magnificent hunter took a hedge and ditch which bounded the field in grand style; and, riding up to the ringside, he informed a select few of the company, Spring included, that he was a magistrate for Surrey and Hants, and confessed his incapacity, single-handed, to clear the ring, if called upon to act; but he dropped a hint publicly that the county constabulary would be up at least in two hours, whereupon the crowd gave him three cheers; the magistrate lit his cigar and, as I saw him with my own eyes, gave Lord L. a sovereign for the losing man after the fight. (For particulars of the fight vide *Bell's Life*, October, 1849.) The fight lasted an hour and five minutes; and, barring one or two nasty incidents which are not worth mentioning, I never enjoyed a sight much more—it being a wonderful display of science, courage, and endurance, without any brutality. If I remember rightly, the slighter man tried wrestling with Grant and got the worst of it; and afterwards, about the sixth or seventh round, by sheer science and timing the blow, knocked Grant clean off his legs. Two things only distressed me: one was the broken-hearted look of the man who lost, when he came to himself; though I saw him eating some bread and meat within half an hour, and surrounded by a number of gentlemen, who cheered him up, and told him that he had done his best, and that they would be his friends; and the other was the hideous blasphemy of some of the lower grade of prize-fighters, who got a lift down for nothing for some service which they rendered. As regarded the arrangements, an inner-ring ticket secured as comfortable a place as one would find in a cricket-ground; but, if for no other reason than the outrageous language and blasphemy—which were twenty thousand times worse than I ever heard in a London crowd, even an execution crowd—the abolition of the ring was a necessity. I saw one ruffian kneel down and tear the grass with his hands, like a wild beast, apparently to assist him in his blasphemy. Coming back there was a scramble for places, and, to my horror, I found myself, with the exception of two officers, in a carriage full of the roughs of the ring, and I suppose that, amongst the whole lot, there was not one who could read or write.

Well, good-by to Tom Spring! He died in 1851, at the Castle in Holborn, as he lived, respected. Several testimonials were given to him; one, many years ago, after he beat Langan, by the "lads of the cider country." It was a very handsome silver cup and cover, with a cider-cask for a handle; the last, in the year 1846, a very massive silver flagon, which was well lined with sovereigns. I remember one very amusing incident about the Spring testimonial in 1846, which was an announcement that a special extra meeting of the subscribers would be held at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, with a remark, in large type, "Mr. T. Spring has kindly consented to take the chair."

I never heard him say an unkind word, or saw him sponge upon anyone or do a shabby trick of any kind; and I look back on his memory with something very near affection, and I believe him to have been a kind, true man. The clergyman who attended his deathbed wrote a very feeling letter in *Bell's Life* about his last moments, and told how he left life, as he had lived—an honest Englishman.

Mitcham, September, 1875. FREDERICK GALE.

TATTERSALL'S SUBSCRIPTION-ROOM will be opened to-day (Saturday) for "comparing" on the Cesarewitch, and the transaction of business as usual.

MARIE STUART has at length joined the rest of Mr. Crawford's horses at Fyfield. The mare galloped a mile and a half on Monday in company with Royal George and Sister to Musket.

FLORINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Florine removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[Adv't.]

## SPORT IN SPAIN.

The design which the artist had in view in the picture we present to-day under the above title requires little or no explanation. As will be observed, it is essentially Spanish in conception, the various incidents of the chase being portrayed with all the vivid imaginativeness so characteristic of the Latin race.

Don Daniel Perea, to whose pencil we owe the present illustration, not inaptly describes it as an allegory of the commencement of the hunting season.

Aug. 1 is the date in Spain which fixes the end of the close season, and is celebrated by Spaniards almost as a sort of popular "fiesta," and formerly it used to be inaugurated with a solemn mass in honour of St. Hubert, the patron saint of sportsmen. Now, however, when Carlists and Alfonists are not engaged in shooting one another, they are content to signalise the opening of the hunting season, if not quite in the matter-of-fact way customary with British sportsmen, at least without invoking the aid of Providence or their patron saint in the slaughter of wild boar, deer, or even such small game as pheasants and partridges.

As illustrative of the mode in which the various phases of field sports present themselves to the eye in that most romantic of all romantic countries, we commend Don Daniel Perea's allegory of "Sport in Spain" to the notice of our readers.

## SALE OF STEEPLECHASERS AND HUNTERS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THERE was a large muster at Albert-gate last Monday afternoon, attracted by the sale of Mr. Studd's steeplechasers, and Lord Carington's, Captain Candy's, the Hon. L. Dawnay's, and other strings of hunters:—

THE PROPERTY OF MR. STUDD.		
Lottery, brown gelding, by Laughing Stock	Mr. W. Reeves	72
Bruce, bay gelding, by Wallace—Grand Mistress, by Cossack, aged	Mr. W. Reeves	60
Mistletoe, bay ditto, by Cramond—Victoria, by Freedom, aged	Mr. W. Reeves	130
Jealousy, chestnut mare, by Chit-Chat, dam by Audubon, aged	Mr. Burton	160
Alice Lee, bay ditto, by The Ranger—Rosalba, by Colwick, aged	Mr. J. Potter	100
Syren, bay ditto, by Skirmisher—Rosalba, 5 years	Mr. Weston	105
THE PROPERTY OF LORD CARINGTON.		
Cornerstone	Mr. Oldaker	360
Burgundy	Mr. Cooke	175
Rough Robin	Mr. Hungerford	155
Candidus	Mr. B. Denison	270
Khiva	Mr. Chapman	220
Firebrand	Marquis of Blandford	300
Amy	Mr. Chapman	360
Kate	Mr. R. Oswald	350
Talisman	Mr. Shuttleworth	185
Bluecap	Mr. Davison	135
Wiry Sal	Mr. Shuttleworth	100
CHARGERS AND HARNESS HORSES.		
Onyx	Mr. Rice	64
Nemesia	Mr. Atherley	81
The Czar	Captain Nesbitt	125
Corporal Major	Sir G. Fitzgerald	165
Cannon Ball	Sir G. Fitzgerald	130
Hornbeam	Mr. Watney	125
Hawthorn	Mr. Watney	175
Hazel	Lord Rosebery	95
Punch	Mr. Wainwright	84
Kangaroo	Mr. Green	115
Pally	Mr. Hungerford	61
Guinea Pig	Mr. Oldaker	105
THE PROPERTY OF THE EARL OF STAMFORD.		
Worcester	Mr. Harrison	130
A Black Gelding by Porto Rico	Mr. Green	250
Little John by Cobnut	Mr. Allen	63
Capitol (1868), by Citadel—Cassiope	Mr. Cunningham	100
Capsicum (1865), by Cape Flyaway—Wood Nymph	Mr. Mayhew	22
A Brown Gelding by Lifeboat	Mr. Burton	78
THE PROPERTY OF CAPTAIN CANDY.		
Richard	Chickens, by Blue Peter	110
Cucumber	Bertha, by Gamekeeper	140
Countess, by The Marquis	Magpie	170
Trapper		50
THE PROPERTY OF THE HON. LEWIS DAWNAY.		
Hussar	Lancer (late Rugby)	175
Tamarind	Bantam	252
Brunette	Lincoln	75
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CAMPBELL'S HUNTERS.		
Pilgrim	Zanga	87
The Miller	The Lamb	175
Tonquin		241½
THE PROPERTY OF SIR WILLIAM THROCKMORTON.		
A Bay Gelding		50
Reform		45
Bay Filly, 3 yrs, by Caterer—Gazza Ladra		25
Grey Mare, by Tomahawk		30

On Thursday another important sale took place at Belhus, in Essex, the seat of Sir Thomas Lennard, whose catalogue was a mixed one of hunters and blood-stock. As stated in our "Sporting Calendar," Messrs. Tattersall will hold a sale at Albert-gate on Monday next, and at Newmarket during the Cesarewitch week.

## THE JOCKEY CLUB.

(From the "Racing Calendar.")

A GENERAL meeting of the Jockey Club was held at Newmarket, on Wednesday in the First October Meeting (Sept. 29): Present—Admiral Rous and Sir J. Astley, stewards; Mr. Alexander, Sir G. Chetwynd, Mr. W. S. Crawford, Lord Dupplin, Colonel Forester, Mr. Payne, Mr. Savile, Mr. Vyner, and Lord Westmoreland.

The Hon. C.W. Fitzwilliam and the Earl of Aylesford were elected members of the club.

Mr. Bicknell Mullins, having been reported by the Grand National committee to the stewards of the Jockey Club for misconduct, has been warned off Newmarket Heath and all courses where the Newmarket rules are in force.

A general meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Newmarket on Wednesday in the Second October Meeting. The stewards will move the following resolution:—"That it is expedient that the Jockey Club should take into consideration the rules of racing and of the Jockey Club, with a view to their rearrangement and revision."

Lord Rosebery will move for a committee to consider the expediency of framing a rule to prevent nominations becoming void by the death of the subscriber. Should the above resolution of the stewards not be carried, Admiral Rous will move: "To add to rule 14, after the words, 'until the change has been duly registered in the Book Calendar,' or in the official *Monthly Racing Calendar*. Rule 19.—The total omission of the first part up to 'relating to defaulters,' included. To add to rule 50—"But if it is for a selling race, both of the horses shall be liable to be claimed as the winner, or, if an auction race, be put up to auction, and any surplus shall be divided between the fund and the owner of the third horse."

MUNDEN.—This horse has been struck out of all his engagements for which the weights have appeared, except the Cambridgehire. As the penalties in the latter race are accumulative, Munden has now no less than 25lb extra to carry, making his weight 9st 5lb.

## BOAT-RACE, 167 MILES LONG, ON THE DANUBE.

FROM BUDA-PESTH TO COMORN AND BACK.

WE have much pleasure in giving insertion to the following:—

As the hon. secretary of the London Athletic Club I have received from Count Max Esterhazy, hon. secretary of the Magyar Athletic Club, the inclosed particulars of a boat-race on the Danube, which will, no doubt, be very interesting to the readers of your paper.

I am informed that the athletic movement is progressing very favourably in Hungary, under the auspices of the Magyar A.C. Last July they had a walking-race from Buda-Pesth to Füred, a distance of eighty-five miles, over pretty rough country. Five started, and the winner, Mr. Porzolt Lajos, did the distance in twenty-three hours and a half.

Yours, &c., WM. WADDELL.

This boat-race was arranged under the auspices of the Magyar Athletic Club, which, besides giving prizes, also acted as starters, umpires, &c. Articles were drawn up and signed by the respective secretaries of the M.A.C. and of the Boat-Club Egység of Buda-Pesth. Entries to close on Sept. 12, open to four-oared outriggers of any of the three boat or rowing clubs of Buda-Pesth. First boat to receive five silver medals, second boat five bronze medals, given by the M.A.C. Distance, 166 2-5th miles, must be accomplished inside seventy-two hours.

Umpire—Mr. Sárkány Janos, M.A.C.

Starter—Mr. Oherolly Janos, M.A.C.

Secretary—Mr. Csaszár Ferencz, secretary M.A.C.

Closed with two entries.

Four-oared outrigger, "Egyetértés," of the Rowing Club of the same name.	Four-oared outrigger, "Lidércz," of the Nemzeti Rowing Club.
Cox.: B. Rumbold.	Cox.: Ferencz Mayer.
Stroke: A. Balazsovitz.	Stroke: M. Zsinger.
Odón Baranyi.	Pál Varga.
Emil Novelly.	B. Demjanovits.
M. Ferenczy.	Josef Pollák.
Blue and yellow flag.	National flag.

This race was a great success, and for weeks before the training was anxiously watched, and the chances freely discussed. Very few people believed the thing possible, knowing the strong current of the Danube, with rapids, shoals, &c., the course up the river (eighty-three miles) being an exceedingly severe one. After a good start, which was very numerously attended by the representatives of all the boat-clubs, the press, many steamers, &c., the two crews kept well together, reaching Vacz (twenty-five miles) at 10:30 p.m., where one hour's rest was taken. The cutting head wind and severe pull against it, and the current had very much numbed the crews, who had to land and get rubbed down, and then had a run of about half an hour on shore, to keep themselves warm. After this they settled down to their night work—Lidércz leading—reaching the undermentioned stations, where they had to report, and where timekeepers were appointed, as follows:—

	Lidércz.	Egyetértés.
Nazy Maros (twelve miles)	12.45 a.m.	2.15 a.m.
Szob	4.40 a.m.	4.30 a.m.
Arr.	8.30 a.m.	7.25 a.m.
Dep.	8.30 a.m.	8.26 a.m.

From this point Egyetértés took the lead, pulling hard with but one stoppage (of about one hour), reaching Comorn (83 1-5th English miles from Pesth) at 5:30 p.m., having thus accomplished their up-journey of eighty-three odd miles in the incredibly short time of 24 hours 30 min. Lidércz, owing to some oversight in the "catering department," reached Comoru 1½ hour later, rather the worse for wear, but struggling on gamely. On various points of the river from Pesth to Comorn refreshments had been provided for the competing crews, of which, however, they availed themselves but sparingly, the crew of the Egyetértés chiefly supporting themselves on a little red wine, some oranges, and concentrated food, and black coffee, and declining the numerously-proffered more substantial refreshments. A special steamer preceded the race with umpires, reporters, friends, and a fashionable array of ladies on board. All the piers of the Danube Navigation Company throughout the course were beflagged and decorated, and all the arrangements excellent. The reception at Comorn was most enthusiastic, a special committee having charge of the arrangements.

Egyetértés left Comorn on their down journey after a stay of but ten minutes, starting Sept. 16, at 5:40 p.m., Lidércz not being in sight then. After a fine run of 14 hours 52 min. Egyetértés reached the winning-post at Buda-Pesth on the following morning at 8.32 a.m., having accomplished the whole journey of 166 2-5th miles in 39 hours 22 min, pulling up fresh and well.

Lidércz pulled in 11½ hours later—viz., at 8.5 p.m.—having had virtually to give up racing at Comorn, but being still entitled to take second honours, having done the distance in 51 hours 5 min.

### RESULT.

Egyetértés	1	Lidércz	2
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Time, 39 hours 22 min. Time, 51 hours 5 min.

Distance, 166 2-5th English miles (half of which against the stream. The winning crew pulled, on an average, 38 or 40 strokes a minute the whole distance. The gallant crew were entertained at a banquet last Saturday, given by the Rowing Clubs and the M.A. Club, at the Grand Hotel in Pesth, which was a very fine affair. They well deserved the thundering *edjens* that greeted their appearance.

THE ANGLESEY HUNT STEEPLECHASES will probably be held at Beaumaris on Nov. 10. Lord Charles Ker gives a cup, as usual.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.—The return respecting the foot-and-mouth disease in East Sussex shows a decrease, as compared with last week, of over 900 animals. There is, however, a great increase in the number of cattle affected in other parts of the kingdom.

THE *World* gives Mr. F. C. Burnand a fresh "wrinkle" to include in a new edition of his *Punch* volume "About Buying a Horse." Says the *World*:—"Yet one more trouble for the unfortunate men—an increasing class just before November—who want to buy horses. I hear that the dealers have discovered a weed—its Latin name escapes me—which grows in nearly every hedge, which is admirably fitted to get horses into what they call 'blooming condition.' Unfortunately for purchasers, this said weed is also well fitted to bring on heart disease in horses to whom it is given. Instances could be given of valuable horses which have suddenly dropped down dead from its deadly effects. It seems to act on horses much as colchicum does on gouty men—giving temporary health, but certain and sudden death in the end as a penalty for previous benefits."

AFTER AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER FORTY YEARS, it has been established that there are few instances of defects of the Hair which cannot be arrested, neutralised, or remedied by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, and the favourable effect be seen at once; and though the Hair may have become Grey, Thin, or Faded, it may be Renewed and Restored to all the glossy loveliness of which it is susceptible.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Dépôt, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Adv't.]



THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK.

III.—THE LOW COMEDIAN.

To you I write with greater confidence than to any other member of the profession, because, while others are slow to accept suggestions, even from those whose unhappy office it is to offer them, you are ever ready to receive and act upon a hint from the humblest; and, though I were to lay down for your guidance regulations enforcing a complete reform in your method of acting, I am assured that you would adhere to them with the strictest fidelity.

As you are the most diverting member of a company, so you are the most popular. It follows, therefore, that you are justly entitled to demand the largest amount of pay. I fear me that, from too large an infusion of the milk of human kindness in your nature, you are rather inclined to overlook this circumstance. True, the anxiety of managers to secure your services makes it certain that you shall have something more than the others. But when one considers the fatiguing nature of your efforts and the amount of money you draw to the theatre, it appears to me but common honesty that you should never perform unless you receive at least three times as much as the *jeune premier*. Nor would it surprise me to hear that you are of the same opinion yourself, only too modest to give it utterance. I pray you ponder on this matter. Managers are tyrannical; but firmness may do much in obtaining from them a more adequate remuneration for your services.

In a certain society you will be much sought after. You will be regarded as representing the old race of wits. Your conversation, therefore, must sparkle with choice epigram and racy anecdotes. These latter shall be coarse in the billiard-room with the men; but in the drawing-room, with the ladies, for the life of you never be more than suggestive. I have known many a promising young fellow in your line ruin his prospects by attempting a narrative which he may have picked up in the stables or the stews. You can make up for your self-denial in this respect by being as suggestive as you like; and your insinuation you may render unmistakable by means of unctuous smiles and sly winks. In this way you can make your point as plain as though you had said it. The younger daughters of the family will blush; and surely there is no sight more refreshing than a blush mantling on the cheek of innocence.

As it will be impossible for you to be ready at all times with an unfailling supply of wit, I would advise you to pay attention to, and commit to memory, the conversation of omnibus-cads, street-arabs, costermongers, Billingsgate fishwomen, and the like. With your powers of mimicry you can render extremely diverting specimens of the dialogue which you have picked up from those useful though neglected members of society. Should it be urged against the repetition of any of these amusing sketches from real life that they are either blasphemous or coarse, it is, you will retort, no fault of yours, being repeated accurately as you heard it; and has not the great bard himself told us that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Should you wish to give a literary flavour to your narratives your will find many capital jokes printed upon the shop-papers in which country hucksters pack their tea and tobacco. When on a starrng tour you may become possessed of whole quires of these. Get them off by heart, and tell them as your own, which in good faith they are—for have you not bought and paid for them?

Live in a respectable suburb, and attend religious service on Sunday morning. Do not patronise any of your Dissenting houses, but have a sitting in a church consecrated by a Bishop and officiated in by a clergyman of the apostolical succession. The public-houses open at one o'clock on Sundays. So you can repair to one of them on your way from service and spend the time there agreeably till dinner.

Dress in sombre colours. The sprightliness of your conversation will atone for the gravity of your costume.

I see no earthly reason why you should ever attend rehearsals. A substitute can read your part, and the stage manager will see that the actors are word perfect—which is all that can be expected; for certain it is that the cues which you give them in the morning will be as different as possible from those which you give them at night. So that rehearsals must only lead to confusion, which is always objectionable, whether on the stage or off it.

In your acting I would have you remember that every author given you to illustrate is consumedly lacking in humour. To make up for this want you will have constant recourse to the art of GAGGING—the which I hope one day to see elevated to its proper position among the fine arts.

By means of this art you may add considerably to the bulk of the play. And, if you will only be ruled by me and adopt it, I think it but reasonable that you should demand, in addition to your salary, a certain share of the author's profits; for part author you certainly are—*de facto*, if not *de jure*. It is distressing to reflect that in certain quarters quite a contrary system obtains. Indeed, in country places, where the sense of humour is deplorably deficient alike in the public and the players, I have known a manager to fine a performer for introducing a gag which in London would have made his fortune.

The great secret in the art of gagging is audacity. I use the word in an inoffensive sense—if it have any. Do not be afraid to blurt out that which comes uppermost. Bear in mind that it matters not so much *what* is said as *how* it is said. Thousands of honest folks have gone into convulsions looking at a man grinning through a horse-collar. By constant repetition the inanest drivel may pass for wit. Only have courage to say a thing often enough and you will be dubbed a mad wag. As slang is more easily remembered than aught else, I would have you give days and nights to the study of it. Make it your stock in trade. I warrant me the audience will laugh, though you only indulge them with such epigrams as "Does your mother know you're out?" or "Who's Griffiths?"

Moreover, a judicious practice of this art may, by placing your author under an obligation to you, make him reconciled

to what he will at first term your "confounded liberties." For not only can you add to the wit of his work, but you can re-introduce for him divers epithets, expressions, or sentences which that discreet functionary the Lord Chamberlain has struck out. Your author will do anything to spite his Lordship. Therefore, out with your "Oh! Lords!" and "Damn me's!" as frequently as may be; for, I assure you, his Lordship would as soon encounter a witch on a blasted heath as an oath in an author.

Gagging will, no doubt, occasionally have the effect of "putting out" your fellow-histrions. But if there is one lesson which I would dwell upon in this treatise more frequently and emphatically than any other, it is this, that one actor is not bound to consider another in any respect whatever. We are not frog-eating Frenchmen. Heaven be praised, this is a free country! If, then, one of the company has not taken his cue because, in fact, you have not given it do him, come to his aid with a fresh quip so delivered that the audience may notice his confusion and your readiness to assist him. This will gain you fresh credit and a round or two of applause. Nevertheless, it is not well to overlook the faults of performers. Therefore, between the acts, I would have you inform the confused artist that he is a careless, good-for-nothing fellow, and that were it not for his wife and family you would have him dismissed. The most suitable place to deliver this rebuke is in the green-room, before all the company.

There is theatrical as well as religious cant. And there are certain Chadbands in criticism who urge the necessity of facial expression in a comedian with as great earnestness as the pastor insisted upon tea and toast as a means of grace. Just as if your admirers in the gallery and the back of the pit can see from so great a distance the slightest movement of a facial muscle, supposed to indicate the transit of an emotion. Be not over nice in this matter. Grin. Roll your eyes. Open your mouth till the jaws ache. Put your tongue out. Produce every grimace of which your countenance is capable. Ply the groundlings with cockney jokes. And let the gallery have a taste of the purlieus of Covent-garden. As to Nature, permit me to say, after your own expressive manner—"Nature be blowed." Nature has done very little for you. Why should you trouble yourself about her? Please your patrons. You have to be careful of nothing else. And permit me to impress upon you that the less Nature has to say in the matter the greater is your chance of conciliating the audience.

Keep well before the house at all hazards. It is the surest way of keeping well with it.

When you are entrusted with an eccentric or typical character in modern low life, I beseech you not to trouble yourself about studying the thing from a breathing model, because by so doing you may give offence to a private individual. We do not want to see a revival of Foote's Haymarket régime. Besides, your reading will be a hundred times more diverting and original if you evolve the character from your inner consciousness.

Lastly and chiefly—put money in thy purse. And so, good-by, and God bless you!

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX gave a lecture, last Monday, at the Royal Institution of South Wales, Swansea, to a large and appreciative audience—the subject, "Personal Reminiscences of Wellington." On the following night he delivered one entitled "Theodore Hook: His Sayings and Doings," at the same institution.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.—The *Sussex Daily News* understands that Mr. Freeman, the popular proprietor and excellent amateur "whip" of the coach running between London and Brighton by the Reigate and Crawley Route, has expressed his determination to keep on the road until the second week in November.

THE MEDWAY STAKES AT MAIDSTONE.—Mr. Marcus Verrall has received instructions from Mr. Vallender not to pay the above stake. On Tuesday legal notice to pay by return, with a copy of Lord Maidstone's letter, was received by Mr. Verrall, having been posted on Oct. 4. Mr. Verrall further says that, on the receipt of the stewards' or Mr. Vallender's order, and an apology from Mr. Pooley, the account will be settled.

OBJECTION TO GRAND DUCHESS AT BALDOYLE.—Mr. Apleton lodged an objection to Grand Duchess for the Selling Plate at Baldoye Autumn Meeting, on the ground that she could not re-enter after being scratched. She was first entered to be sold for 50 sovs, struck out, and entered at the post to be sold for 75 sovs. The objection has been entertained by the stewards, and they give the following decision:—"Metropolitan Autumn Meeting, 1875.—The stewards who were present at this meeting having fully considered the objection against Grand Duchess for the Selling Plate, have overruled it, and consider the objection most frivolous.—THOMAS BRINDLEY, secretary."

DEATH OF ENGLISH STALLIONS IN AMERICA.—Imp. Warminster.—This important thoroughbred stallion, the property of Mr. Frank H. Lewin, of this city, died on Sept. 18, from a rupture produced by a fall on the morning of the same day. Warminster was bred by Mr. Capel in England in 1859, and imported in 1866 by Mr. R. W. Cameron, who sold him in 1871 to his late owner, Mr. Lewin. He was sired by Newminster, dam Black Bess, by Ratacatcher. The only two of Warminster's get that have so far shown their qualities on the turf are Inspiration and Bayminster, both of which are promising, but as yet have done nothing to distinguish themselves or their sire.—Imp. Flodden.—The imported thoroughbred stallion Flodden died at Denver, Col., on Sept. 3, while being taken to the ranche of the Hon. C. W. Perry, in Douglass County. Flodden was bred by Mr. Merry in England in 1868, and imported into this country by Mr. George Grant, of Victoria, Kansas. He was sired by Thormanby, dam Miss Ann, by The Little Known. He has left some promising colts; too young, however, to show their quality.—Panic.—Another stallion of note whose death we have to chronicle is the bay horse Panic, by imp. Glencoe out of Sally Morgan, by imp. Emancipation. A few days ago he fell and injured himself, fracturing a limb, and was suffering much from his injuries, when his owner, Mr. John Coffee, thought it best to destroy him. Panic was a good racehorse in his day at all distances, and leaves some good stock.—*New York Sportsman*.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 69.—Correct solutions received from H. R. Deane, R. W. S., H. Slater, W. P., Barnstaple.  
E. D. C.—Problem No. 69 cannot be solved by the method you propose. Look at the position again.  
H. A. L.—You must have made some mistake in playing over the game. The Bishop cannot be played to Q B 7, as there is a Black Pawn at Q 3.  
H. SLATER.—We really cannot give an opinion. Besides, the match has not yet taken place.  
A. W.—Apply to Mr. A. Rosenbaum, No. 12, Percy-street, W., who will give you the information you require.

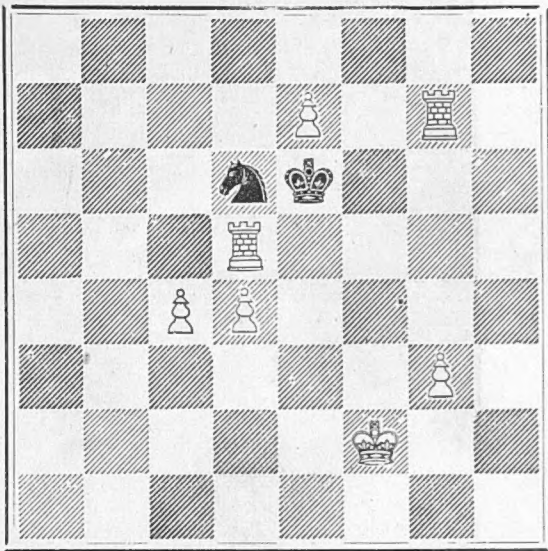
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 70.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q takes P (ch) P takes Q (best) 3. R mates, accordingly.  
2. R takes P K or R takes R

PROBLEM No. 71.

By Dr. ROTHMALER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Played in the handicap tournament at the late meeting of the Counties Chess Association between Mr. Burn, of Liverpool, and the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell.

[RUY LOPEZ.]

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	27. Q takes K P	Q takes Q
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	28. P takes K P	R takes R
3. B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3	29. B takes R	R to K 5
4. B to Q R 4	Kt to K B 3	30. P to K 6	P to Q B 4
5. P to Q 3 (a)	B to Q B 4 (b)	31. B to K B 3	R to K 4
6. P to Q B 3	Q to K 2	32. R to Q sq	K to B sq
7. Castles	P to Q Kt 4	33. B to K Kt 4	P to Q B 5
8. B to Q Kt 3	B to Q R 2	34. K to B sq	B to Q B 4
9. Kt to Q R 3	Castles (c)	35. R to Q 8 (ch)	K to K 2
10. B to K Kt 5	Q to Q sq	36. R to Q 7 (ch)	K to K sq
11. Kt to Q B 2	P to Q 3	37. R to K Kt 7	P to K Kt 4
12. Kt to K 3	P to Q B 3	38. B to R 5 (ch)	K to Q sq
13. Kt to K R 4	Kt to K R 3 (d)	39. R to Q 7 (ch)	K to B sq
14. K Kt to B 5	Q to Q sq	40. B to K Kt 4	K to Kt sq
15. B takes Kt	Q takes B	41. P to K Kt 3	P takes P
16. B takes Kt P	Kt to K B 5	42. R P takes P	P to Q R 4
17. K Kt to B 5	B takes Kt	43. K to Kt 2	P to Q K 5
18. Kt takes B	Q R to Q sq	44. P to K B 4	P takes P
19. B to B 2	Q to K Kt 4	45. P takes P	R to K 5
20. Q to K B 3	P to K Kt 3	46. K to Kt 3	R to K 6 (ch)
21. Kt to Kt 3	P to K R 4	47. K to R 4	P takes P
22. Q R to Q sq	P to R 5	48. P takes P	P to R 5
23. Kt to K 2	Kt takes Kt (ch)	49. P to B 5	R to K 4
24. Q takes Kt	P to K B 4	50. P to B 6	B to B 7 (ch)
25. P takes P	R takes B P	51. K to R 3	B to B 4
26. P to Q 4	R to B 5	52. P to K 7 (e),	

and Black resigned.

NOTES.

(a) The best continuation, according to Anderssen, though not so immediately attacking as P to Q 4, or Castles.  
(b) The best reply, according to the German "Handbuch," though many good players prefer P to Q 3. The principal objection to the latter move is that it permits the first player to disunite his opponent's Pawns on the Queen's side.  
(c) He ought, we think, to have played P to K R 3.  
(d) Perhaps the best course, though it gives up a valuable Pawn.  
(e) A well-played game on the part of Mr. Burn.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following game occurred in a little match between Mr. Tiltthorpe, of the Bedford (Spital-square) Chess Club, and Mr. Barber, of the South London Chess Club.

[PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.]

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	8. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q B 3
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	9. P to Q R 4 (c)	P to K R 3
3. P to Q 4	B to K Kt 5 (a)	10. Kt to Q 5	P takes Kt
4. P takes P	B takes Kt	11. B to Q Kt 5	Kt to Q B 3
5. Q takes B	P takes P	12. P takes P	P to Q R 3 (d)
6. B to Q B 4	Q to Q 2	13. P takes Kt,	
7. Castles (b)	B to Q 3		and wins.

NOTES.

(a) Very inferior to P takes P.  
(b) Not so strong as 7. Q to Kt 3.  
(c) With a view of sacrificing the Knight, which, however, does not appear to be of much avail against the best defence.  
(d) Accommodating, truly; but why not K Kt to K 2?

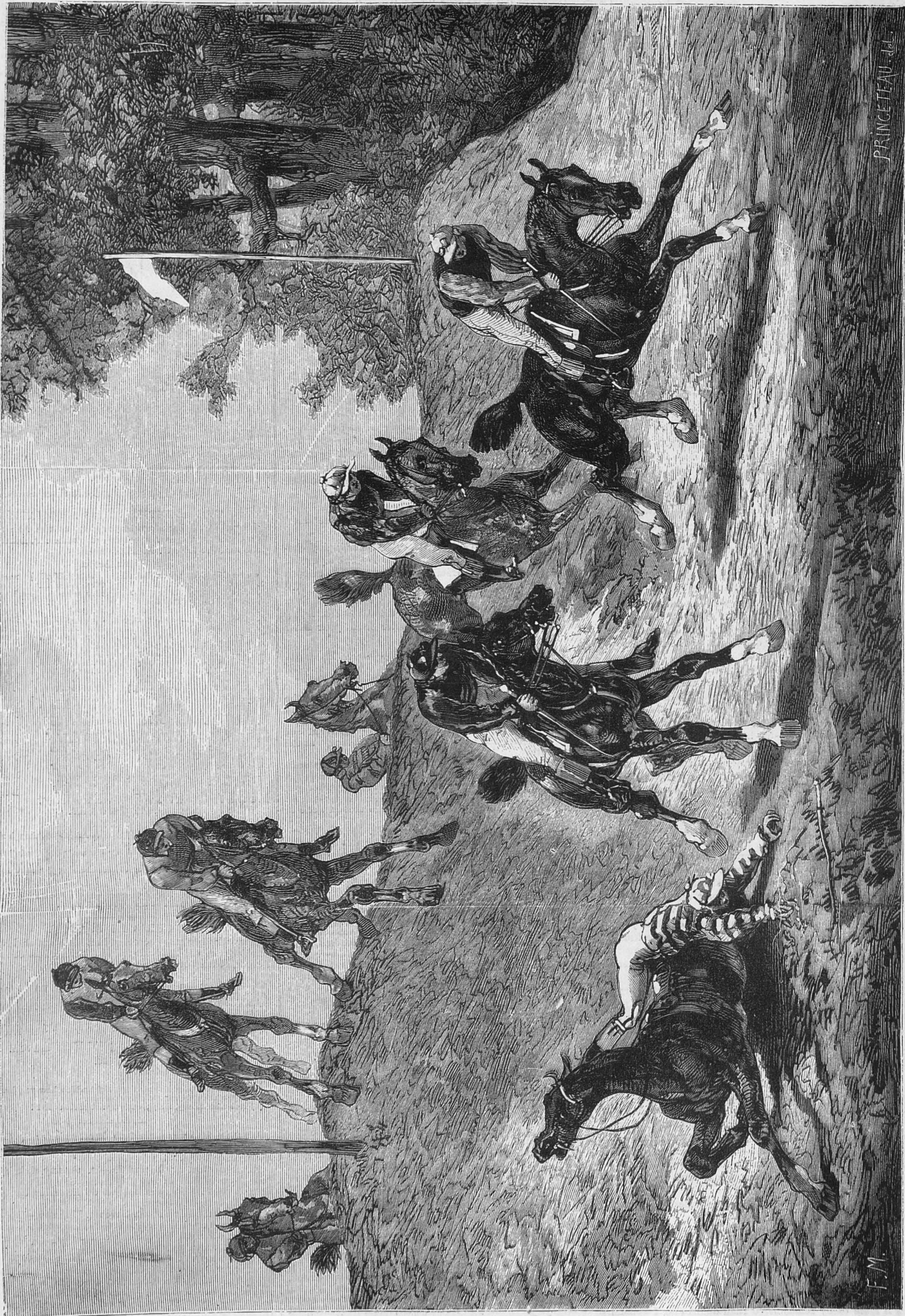
WALNUT, who was second to Montargis for the Cambridge-shire, has been sold to Colonel Thornhill, and will shortly be shipped for India.

SKATING-RINK AT LEICESTER.—A skating-rink, said to be one of the largest in the provinces and upon the principle of the one at Prince's, was opened at Leicester, on Monday, by Mr. Kempson, deputy-mayor.

THE NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.—The first-class special train from London to Newmarket, on the Great Eastern Railway, will leave St. Pancras and Bishopsgate at 9.30 a.m., instead of 9 a.m. as heretofore.

THE "FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS."—The following returns respecting the pecuniary results of the late Church festival at Worcester Cathedral are furnished by Mr. J. H. Hooper, hon. secretary:—The collections at the cathedral (including about £120 from the interest of invested funds at Gloucester and Worcester) amount to £724 12s. 2d. The supplemental fund reaches £667 15s. 6d., including donations received since the festival, making a total of £1392 7s. 8d. Mr. Hooper adds that the offertory included £50 in notes (none exceeding £10) and £71 in cheques (none exceeding £25). All the rest was in gold and silver, except £2 4s. 9d. in copper. Lady Emily Foley has sent a contribution of £50 to be added to the cathedral collections.





PRINCE-PAU. del.

F.M.

STEEPLECHASING IN FRANCE.—DELINEATED BY A FRENCHMAN.